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THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT HOME.

THE Princess of WALES returns to her own country at a time and under circumstances which forcibly illustrate the ups and downs of worldly grandeur. During the year and a half which have elapsed since her marriage everything has gone well with her. She was received with the rapture of a whole people. She came, was seen, and she conquered. Every one admired her and was charmed with her. She seemed to bring brightness and good luck into the desolate house of the QUEEN. Every one was delighted to speak of her, and what every one said was in her praise. Since then, she has had all the pleasures that grandeur, and varied amusement, and an interchange of public and private life could give. Since MARIE ANTOINETTE, no princess has made so splendid and prosperous an entry into the domain of Royalty; and, unlike MARIE ANTOINETTE, she has not had to see the beginning of her royal life clouded by ominous misfortune, and she has made no enemies. No one will whisper, when she devotes herself to the people of England, that she is a Dane at heart. The daughters of little houses have at least the advantage of provoking no jealousy. If she has had some of the fatigues of royalty as well as its pleasures, and has found that, even when she tries to escape, she must go through little provincial towns like Dundee in order that the loyal and curious may stare at her, she has had the sense to know that this is only the penalty of her station, and that she must be stared at if she is to be loved. She now goes back to her old home, not only one of the greatest ladies in the world, but one of the happiest, and has the delight—so dear to young mothers in every station—of showing the most beautiful baby in the world to its admiring grandmother. But while all has been, and is, so rosy with her, it has been very different with those whom she left in Denmark behind her. They have had a sad time of it since she went. They have had to face war and all its horrors, the pangs of protracted uncertainty, the gloom of overshadowing disappointment. They have had misery in the palace and out of it, they have looked on a downcast and terror-stricken people, they have been expected to give the aid that it was utterly out of their power to bestow. Never was a more perverse stroke of fate than that to which the PRINCESS's father has been subjected. He was not born to a crown, but a crown was thrust on him by the united action of all the great Powers of Europe. Directly the crown was actually on his head, he found that his great friends would do nothing to maintain the gift they had bestowed, and he was left alone to fight a battle in which he had no hope of success, and in which, however stoutly he bore himself, he always saw himself exposed to the suspicion of fighting with only half a heart. So far as public misfortunes can make a man unhappy, the King of DENMARK has been sorely tried since his daughter left him, and it is satisfactory to think that, so far as private happiness can sustain and comfort an unfortunate monarch, he has now a brighter consolation than most kings have in the return of a daughter radiant with the splendour of her young happiness.

Fortune seems to take a malicious pleasure in playing at nine-pins with the royal family of Denmark. The world is kept continually wondering at the alternations of bad and good luck which befall King CHRISTIAN. He was chosen, by the strangest of hazards, as the successor to the late King of DENMARK. It would be a very long array of figures that would adequately express the chances against so singular a combination as that Russia should have invented his title at the moment when all Germany was ready to do Russia's bidding, and that England should have gone out of her way to sanction the invention at the moment when the temporary eclipse of France gave England a decisive preponderance in the West. However, Prince

CHRISTIAN was invented and then forgotten. He lived on, contented with a humble position, and affording his young family the inestimable advantage of being able to sympathize with the mass of mankind, by having witnessed in the home of their childhood the economy and self-denial of honourable poverty. Suddenly he emerged into notoriety by its being discovered that he, of all people, had got exactly the right daughter for the Prince of WALES to marry—pretty, Protestant, intelligent, and amiable. She was fixed upon by the proper parties, and then Prince CHRISTIAN and his family became suddenly eminent. The little perquisites that are thrown so often in the way of great people began to be put within their reach. King OTHO ran away, and a new King was wanted for Greece. There was a raw lad among Prince CHRISTIAN's sons, and why should he not do for a King of Greece? No father would like to speak so ill of his son as to say that he was not fit to be King of Greece, and so the Hellenic Kingdom was offered and accepted. Prince CHRISTIAN took the appointment for his boy, just as anxious parents used in old days to take an Indian cadetship when offered them. It was true that they disliked their boy going to India, and could not conceive how he could get on there; but still it was a provision for the boy, and if the Director found his kind proposal rebuffed, how could he be expected ever to offer anything again? So Prince GEORGE got his cadetship, and was sent to his distant country, where he is now what in Indian slang is called a "griff." Fortune, however, having stuck the nine-pins up, now thought she ought to begin to knock them down. Prince CHRISTIAN became King, the dreadful war followed, he had his Duchies taken from him, and Russia and England quietly abandoned the treaty they had made, finding it admirably suited for the purpose of starting a romance in princely circles, but utterly useless in real life. This appears to have been as much harm as Fortune has liked to inflict, and so now she is at her kind freaks again. Not only does the Princess of WALES go back as happy as the princesses in fairy tales, but a stroke of luck is said to be preparing for the King's family almost as marvellous as that which made Princess ALEXANDRA prospective Queen of ENGLAND. It is said that the CÆSAREWITCH is to marry the Princess DAGMAR, and if he does not make her unhappy, and if she does not mind the dreariness of Russian winters, we hope the rumour is true, because it makes the romance complete. That Russia and England should have first invented King CHRISTIAN, then deserted him, and then married his two daughters to the heirs of their respective thrones shows, as philosophical novelists are fond of saying, that truth is often much stranger than fiction.

One of the chief popular organs in Denmark has affected to take umbrage at this visit of the Prince and Princess of WALES to Denmark, and has assured the PRINCE that he cannot expect to be very heartily welcomed, coming as he does from a country which has deceived and abandoned the unfortunate Danes. It is not to be regretted that the visit of the Prince of WALES to Denmark should be understood clearly to be destitute of all political importance. If the populace of Copenhagen hopes that its shouts will affect the policy of England, the hope had better be crushed in the bud. If we had fought for Denmark, we should have fought for her because our honour and our duty bade us; and we abandoned the Treaty of London, not from any want of affection or respect for the Princess of WALES, but simply because the treaty was a gross political blunder, and we were glad to get out of a scrape into which we ought never to have been led. The Danes, we feel confident, will soon see that our policy and our treatment of the Princess of WALES are two things entirely apart; and if she is loved and respected here, it would be a very poor return, and indeed a very unkind annoyance to her, if her husband was not warmly welcomed when he takes her to her old home. But if the Danes

really thought they were going to be sulky, and make themselves unpleasant to the PRINCE, we may be sure they were wrong. And we may be sure of this, not only because the telegraph informs us that the Royal couple were, as a matter of fact, very warmly received, but because there are general arguments, always so much more interesting than particular facts, which show that they could not fail to be warmly received. In the first place, it is not likely that the Danes could really be insensible to the pleasure of seeing a pretty and happy Princess, and of congratulating themselves on the credit she does them; and, in the next place, the Danes dearly love sights of any sort. In the dreariest days of the late war, they found themselves utterly unable to restrain themselves from going to pleasure gardens a good mile or so out of Copenhagen; and those who know the extremely infantine character of the fun which is provided at such places of entertainment on the Continent, will never believe that a population amused by them could fail to take an intense delight in so grand an event as the arrival of the heir and heiress of the English Crown. Political feelings, we may be certain, would never be suffered to interfere with the enjoyment of such an occasion.

LORD PALMERSTON ON SIR G. C. LEWIS.

THE county of Hereford has made a temporary connexion with Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS an excuse for erecting a statue in his honour, and, on the same principle on which bishops are frequently asked to celebrate weddings, the local managers invited Lord PALMERSTON to perform the ceremonial of uncovering the statue. It is unnecessary to inquire whether there was any reason of personal or political cordiality to justify the selection, for the official connexion of the PRIME MINISTER with an eminent member of his Cabinet furnished an ostensible plea for a compliment addressed at the same time to the living and the dead. It was natural that the Committee of subscribers should wish to surround their testimonial with all possible lustre and notoriety, and the inhabitants of the city of Hereford and its neighbourhood were glad of an opportunity of seeing and hearing the most popular statesman of the time. None of Lord PALMERSTON's recent excursions have procured him the gratification of louder or more unanimous applause. Hereford is perhaps better bred than Bradford, and the occasion would have been ill-suited to expressions of political disapprobation. There may have been a certain awkwardness in the unavoidable conflict between the general enthusiasm for Lord PALMERSTON and the decorous expression of regret which was due to his former colleague; but, on the whole, the ceremony gained in importance more than it lost in simplicity and singleness of purpose. The Corporation of Hereford was exceptionally embarrassed by the rival claims of the statue and the Minister. Doubts were entertained whether Lord PALMERSTON could, on so mournful an occasion, with propriety eat luncheon in the Town Hall, and when it was discovered that the proposal would have been admissible, it was already superseded by a previous engagement. There was a certain fallacy in the confusion between the idea of death and the erection of a memorial which purports to counteract its oblivious tendencies. The opening of a statue is not a funeral celebration, though the spectators ought, if possible, to direct their attention to the effigy, and to the memory of the original. The diversion of general interest from Sir G. LEWIS to Lord PALMERSTON was perhaps an æsthetic mistake, but, in the absence of the principal performer, it might have been difficult to attract a large assemblage merely to look at a portrait in bronze. The majority of those who were present probably knew little about Sir G. LEWIS, except that he had lost his seat for the county twelve years ago, and that he afterwards rose to some of the highest offices of the State. The actual PRIME MINISTER is known by every man who either reads a newspaper or looks at the window of a print-shop.

Lord PALMERSTON's natural acuteness, and his large experience of life, probably enabled him to appreciate several of the qualities which it was his business to eulogize at Hereford. He must have seen that Sir G. LEWIS was essentially simple, straightforward, and intellectually as well as morally honest. No colleague was less likely to trouble his chief with sophistical crotchets, or with questionable experiments in politics or finance. An instinctive suspicion of paradoxical novelties was common to the sceptical intellect of Sir G. LEWIS and to Lord PALMERSTON's practised tact. Philosophers and men of the world equally appreciate the barrenness of first principles, and the inutility of general propositions. When Sir G. LEWIS recommended to the Cabinet the abolition or the main-

tenance of a tax, he was probably content to explain the bearing of the measure on the public revenue, and its indirect operation on trade. The PRIME MINISTER and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER were alike willing to take for granted the comprehensive maxims of political economy and the laws of morality and human nature. It was the business of one to produce a correct balance-sheet, and of the other to see that the House of Commons was satisfied. Genuine sagacity, though it may be primarily directed to the retention of office, for the most part arrives at the same conclusions which would be suggested by enlightened patriotism. Even in debate, while Sir G. LEWIS' careful accumulation of facts and of arguments differed widely from Lord PALMERSTON's skilful and fragmentary use of appropriate commonplaces, they had something in common. Both were naturally deficient in oratorical power, and both confined themselves strictly to the proper object of influencing the votes of the House. Reasons which satisfy the understanding, and jokes or clap-trap phrases which suit the humour of an audience, are almost equally legitimate methods of influence. A logical instinct taught Sir G. LEWIS to avoid assumptions and generalizations which were too wide for his immediate purpose. Prudent statesmen and cautious reasoners, when they support a measure or a proposition, never pledge themselves blindly to all the collateral inferences which might follow from an abstract profession of faith. When a particular excise duty is to be repealed, there is no use in vague declamation on the mischief of indirect taxes. When public advantage conflicts with some private interest, a judicious reformer limits, as far as possible, the grounds of attack, lest he should provoke unnecessary opposition. For the purposes of debate, rules are preferable to laws, and proverbs to axioms. A complimentary speech at a public meeting is delivered under easier conditions, and it matters little whether the reasons which are alleged to justify the celebration are either sound in themselves or suitable to the occasion. Lord PALMERSTON, having to say something without having anything to say, informed the Herefordshire admirers of Sir G. LEWIS that they were right in giving a commission to Baron MAROCHETTI, because the prospect of posthumous honours served to stimulate the ambition of public servants. NELSON, as he reminded them, is reported or supposed to have declared that he fought for the alternative of a peerage or Westminster Abbey; and, if the illustration had any fitness, it would imply that Sir G. LEWIS studied finance and Greek antiquity in the hope of being represented by a bronze figure, somewhat larger than life, in front of the Shire Hall at Hereford. The more intelligent part of the audience must have been perfectly aware that no form of ambition could be more absurdly alien from the character which they desired to honour. It may be taken for granted that Lord PALMERSTON is a subscriber to the bust which is to occupy Sir G. LEWIS' share of Westminster Abbey, and he has certainly done his best to call public attention to the Hereford statue. The original of both representations was as capable of caring for such honours as of imitating NELSON in the stranger aspiration that his services might be rewarded by the office of Lord Mayor of London. If the scholar and Minister was scarcely a hero, he was assuredly not a child. If he could have listened to the speech of his former leader, he would have been amused by the unsuccessful effort to find a sermon in a stone or in a mass of bronze.

The subsequent summary of the merits and services which had earned statutory honours was not less carefully conventional. It is literally true that Sir G. LEWIS "was Chancellor of the Exchequer during the Crimean war, in a time of "great anxiety and difficulty;" but the Minister who was then, as now, at the head of the Cabinet might have taken the trouble to remember that Mr. GLADSTONE prepared the Estimates and the Budget for 1855, and that his successor first established a claim to confidence as Finance Minister, after the conclusion of the war. The statement that Sir G. LEWIS afterwards gave satisfaction to the nobility, gentry, magistrates, corporations, and other classes, as Home Secretary, is a formula which would have been as readily applied to any other Minister who had ever happened to administer the same office. A remarkable man, who stood in many respects apart from the class of professional politicians, might have deserved a more discriminating eulogy. If circumstances had been reversed, Sir G. LEWIS would have entered with keener intuition into a character which, as he fully understood, is by no means adequately represented by the utterance of deliberate and flagrant commonplace. Among many writers and speakers who have, since Sir G. LEWIS' death, recorded their impressions of his intellectual qualities and of his political career, Lord PALMERSTON has alone suc-

ceeded in producing a portrait from which all individual likeness is carefully eliminated. His best excuse is to be found in the double object of his visit to Hereford. The statue required little commentary, and it received, if possible, less; but Lord PALMERSTON showed himself in a new district, and he ascertained that his popularity was unimpaired.

As Herefordshire is probably not a learned county, and as it may be supposed that Lord PALMERSTON has not read the Essay on the Astronomy of the Ancients, it was agreed on all sides that the Bishop of the diocese should be loaded like a scapegoat with the exclusive imputation of understanding philology and classical antiquity, and Dr. HAMPDEN is accordingly expected to vouch for the soundness and depth of Sir G. LEWIS' acquirements. The majority of the subscribers to the statue, and the lay pontiff who performed the dedication, probably suppose that deep learning is to a statesman an accomplishment or a weakness as venial as a taste for playing the fiddle. More competent observers know that the habitual pursuit of knowledge is the best preservative for healthy freshness of mind and for simple purity of character. Sir G. LEWIS could afford to be dispassionate because he was not exclusively immersed in political struggles, and the loss of office was neither alarming nor painful to a genuine student who had no reason to dread want of occupation. His critical tendencies, as they proceeded from the original constitution of his mind, precluded all disposition to violence or exaggeration. He was as full of practical good sense and moderation as if he had deliberately devoted his life to the suppression of inconvenient enthusiasm.

THE MALINES CONGRESS.

TO meet in Synod is a *proprium* of man. Common interests, common pursuits, common tastes, develop a gregarious instinct. Parliaments, Conventions, Councils, Vestries, Trade Guilds, Clubs, Odd Fellows, Ballot Leagues, and Statistical Societies, all have a common nature in liking to talk over their special concerns, and to describe their meetings in sonorous language as Congresses, Sessions, or the like. It is only of late years that the Church has been drawn, tardily and almost reluctantly, into this vortex of association, at least in its modern form. We believe that the Church of England was the first ecclesiastical body to perceive the necessity of associating laymen in its Congresses on Church matters; and it was in the General Convention of the Episcopal Church of the United States that laymen were first formally invited to sit in the legislative as well as in the deliberative organization of the Church. In Europe, the old traditions which make the clerical body the guardians and interpreters of doctrine still survive, though in a mitigated form. But the Anglican Church, and more recently the Continental Catholics, have found a convenient model for taking counsel together in the organization of the various scientific societies. The Church Congresses which have been held at Cambridge and Oxford, and that which is about to be held at Bristol, have taken for their pattern the ambulatory meetings of the British Association. And we see no difference in the form of the Malines Congress and the annual meetings over which Lord ROSSE and Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG preside. A president is appointed; sections and sub-sections are organized; crack speakers are subsidized; careful and dull papers are elaborated; debates are held; ladies are invited; dinners are eaten, and a conversation and congratulations all round complete the circle of speeches, divine talk, mutual edification, and mutual glorification. There is nothing to object to in all this. The Church is quite right to appropriate this secular machinery. It is sure to answer, for nothing tends so much to consolidate the *esprit du corps* as such Congresses. From the nature of the case, they are aggressive. It is to defend special interests, to advance special claims, to recover lost ground, and to appropriate new fields for energy, that Congresses take counsel. In comparing, however, the present Malines Congress with its predecessor of last year, we observe that there is a difference in tone. Last year, the hero of the meeting was the distinguished layman M. DE MONTALEMBERT. But the Ultramontane party in Belgium found that an independent thinker, though a lay Catholic, was not likely to be a mere tool. There is an awkward impracticability about the lay mind which is sure to come out in a public assembly. M. DE MONTALEMBERT was found to be a mistake. He let out some disagreeable hints about constitutionalism, and the necessity of recognising facts—facts in writing, facts in science, facts in politics. This error was not to be repeated. Then there was a certain Dr. DÖLLINGER, the very ablest controversialist

and most profound scholar of whom the extant Roman theology can boast, who last year, on a somewhat similar occasion at Munich, let fall some hints about the necessity of Catholics not lagging behind in the march of intelligence, and on the possibility of reconciling the strict dogmatic faith of Rome with the progress of modern discovery and with ascertained truths in physical science. There was also the attempt made in England to further the same ends by the establishment of the *Home and Foreign Review*, which only ended in its significant suppression by authority. All these things acted as warnings to the Malines Congress of the present year. It was not found convenient to invite delegates representing either Dr. DÖLLINGER or the hereditary Romanists of our own country. Cardinal WISEMAN was conspicuous only by his absence.

The Malines Congress was intended to represent the views and policy of a single school—that school which represents the existing policy of Rome, the school which has learned and unlearned nothing. No doubt there were sections organized and papers read on practical matters, and debates were held on subjects which come legitimately within the sphere of ecclesiastical conferences. The section of Christian Economy was properly occupied with the very same subjects which have, among ourselves, been identified with Lord SHAFTESBURY's labours for factory children; and if the section of Fine Arts came to the conclusion that the study of the nude, at least in ancient art, was not to be forbidden to Christian artists, we at all events welcome an advance on the views of the devotees of branches and fig-leaves. But the chief purpose of the Congress was political. It was intended as an answer to the defeat which the *parti prêtre* has lately experienced in Belgium, and the motto of the Congress was the POPE's famous *Non possumus*. It was a declaration in favour of the reactionary policy. Monseigneur DUPANLOUP came from Orleans hot and angry with a three hours' oration against popular education as dissevered from the superintendence of the Church; while the POPE has just issued a Brief to the Archbishop of Friburg, strongly condemning the new law on primary education in the Duchy of Baden. From the cloud of whining verbiage which always characterises Papal Rescripts it is not easy to extract even the haziest of meanings; but, as far as we can understand the POPE, all schools which are not under the direct control of the clergy are pronounced to be seminaries of Satan and seed-plots of infidelity. The Church claims, as part of its divine commission, a moderating power and salutary action over the whole education of the country, and the POPE threatens to prohibit the faithful from frequenting all schools which are not under direct clerical control. Undoubtedly, the sort and extent of religious education which is most fitted for popular schools is not only a great social question, but one which comes within the legitimate business of a Church Congress. The French delegates were perhaps glad of the opportunity of saying in a free country what the Duke of PERSIGNY's liberty would scarcely have allowed them at home. It seems, however, that the howl of His Holiness, and the scream from Orleans, are treated with contemptuous indifference in Belgium. The recent defeat of the Ultramontane party shows that the popular heart of the flourishing little kingdom is sound, and that its devotion to that constitutional liberty from which it has so largely benefited is steadfast and unshaken; and the Congress goes on its way protesting, while the statesmen and economists go on their way acting. Indeed, it was found impossible, even in this most reactionary assembly, to launch so harmless a clap of thunder as an abstract resolution protesting in general terms, and for all countries, against the principle of the Mortmain laws. In a word, if the Congress was intended as a hint to the French EMPEROR, or as a diversion in favour of the Austrian policy of leaving the Roman question unsettled, it may be pronounced a signal failure.

The theatrical element which is inseparable from all Roman functions has been developed at Malines into something which it is difficult to distinguish from mountebankism. Many attempts have been made to popularize "Church principles" among ourselves, but at Malines they have suggested gilding the pill with a vengeance. A Catholic *Punch* and a truly pious *Charivari* would certainly be an innovation on that popular literature which is so hopelessly corrupt; and it only wanted a proposition for the issue of a series of *demi-monde* novels to complete M. DIGARD's droll proposition. We have no doubt that, for a consideration, M. DUMAS, who has just issued an appeal to the EMPEROR based on the special morality of his 1,200 volumes, is good for a popular substitute for *Le Maudit*; and just as JOHN WESLEY's pious indignation was roused by the Devil having got the monopoly of the best tunes, the Abbé

HUYBRECHTS might be trusted for adapting the dogma of the Immaculate Conception to "Nix my dolly pals," or whatever is the popular melody in Brussels. This is, after all, but the inversion of a mediæval phase of a piece of religious economy. In the Wars of the Roses, the Church hymn *Vexilla Regis prodeunt* was adapted to a Lancastrian purpose, and there seems to be no reason why "the popular songs should not be moralized," if only the moralizer is forthcoming. A suggestion for a comic journal to be edited by Dr. PUSEY, or a proposal to entrust Mr. KEBLE with the task of "moralizing" the Nigger Melodies, is not likely to be made next month at the Bristol Conference; but our Churchmen may not unprofitably take the hint which in this blundering way suggested itself to the Belgian ecclesiastic, that no institution can expect to survive which does not appeal to the feelings as well as to the reason of the people.

Unfortunately for themselves and for their influence on educated minds, two or three of the Malines orators went a little too far in their recognition of the necessity of this appeal to the popular sentiment. It survives among the traditions of Exeter Hall that a formal vote of thanks to ALMIGHTY GOD for his favours during the past year was once moved and seconded at the anniversary of one of the Religious Societies, but it was reserved for Father FELIX to propose "a cheer in honour of JESUS CHRIST, our Lord and Saviour." The Redeemer of the World, with three times three and the Kentish fire, would be looked upon as a little blasphemous among ourselves. But the very strange thing is that the Père FELIX is no common man. He is admitted to be the legitimate successor of RAVIGNAN and LACORDAIRE, and beyond question he is the most eminent preacher in the French Church. For several years he has delivered the famous Conferences at Notre Dame, which are attended by the great persons, not only of fashion, but of higher rank in Paris. M. COUSIN has been amongst his hearers. These Conferences, which were established in 1830, are always held in Lent, and it has become the rule that they should take in all the popular and social subjects of the times. Father FELIX has only followed the recognised type of these Notre Dame sermons in discussing socialism, the influence of theatres, crinoline, spirit-rapping, the Bourse, and the theories of MM. LOUIS BLANC, CABET, FOURIER, and COMTE, in his well-known conferences on *Le Progrès par Christianisme*; but even his versatility must have surprised itself when he found an audience of four thousand persons shouting "Vive JESUS CHRIST!" amidst repeated cheers and waving of innumerable handkerchiefs. This scene of "holy delirium" has not been excelled by the monstrous profanities of a camp meeting or the frenzied ribaldry of an Irish revival. But human nature, in its fanatical excesses, is much the same at a Malines Congress or a Jumper's orgies. The strange sympathy of numbers and the electric current of applause madden even the most guarded of orators. Few speakers can trust their own discretion when lashed into brief frenzy by the tumultuous cheers of fanatical partisans; and though the accomplished preacher of Notre Dame will, in his sober moments, regret the profane exhibition which he made at Malines, the friends of rational religion and the true interests of the Church will find in this ludicrous event a confirmation of the general suspicion that Ultramontane politics, a Jesuit orator, and blasphemy are not far asunder.

THE INLAND REVENUE.

THE Commissioners of Inland Revenue have lately issued a Report which shows that, in addition to administrative ability and devotion to the public service, they possess the rarer quality of judicial fairness. Students of the drier kinds of political and economic literature will find the Report quite as readable as the average of Blue-books. It is possible to find a certain excitement in the enumeration of vast amounts of money, if not to feel patriotic pleasure in the reflection that British spirits alone contribute nearly 10,000,000*l.* a year to the revenue. If the produce of the respective taxes were appropriated, as in early times, to separate branches of expenditure, the navy might almost be maintained by the Government percentage on whisky and gin. It is not surprising that the Commissioners dilate at unusual length on the incidents of a tax which is naturally regarded with especial favour. There is a kind of satisfaction in taxing an almost vicious indulgence, when experience shows that there is no danger of killing the goose which lays the golden eggs. Within a few years, the duty on Scotch and Irish spirits has been multiplied threefold, and all parts of the United

Kingdom have been placed on an equal footing. High duties have in former times been found inexpedient, because they led to diminished consumption and to illicit distillation. Certain recent returns have seemed to indicate similar results; but the Commissioners show that some of the unfavourable appearances are illusory, and that smuggling may be encouraged by other causes as well as by excessive taxation. Every serious economist knows the innumerable fallacies of unexplained statistics. Two parallel columns of figures constantly lead pedants and indolent theorists to the conclusion that the second table stands to the first in the relation of a complete effect to an exhaustive cause. A large portion of the idle prattle which passes under the name of Social Science is but a commentary on a similar misapplication of arithmetic. If fifty per cent. of the community read and write imperfectly, and one-tenth per cent. are committed for trial, it by no means follows that the increase of education would affect, in exact proportion, the returns of crime. The Inland Commissioners, thoroughly understanding the machinery of the spirit duties, look behind the figures to the circumstances of the country and of the trade. A large increase of duty in 1860 was followed by a diminished consumption, and some members of Parliament used the reduction as an argument against high rates of taxation. The Report, however, explains that the inequality was occasioned, not so much by the rate of the tax, as by the uncertainty which prevailed before the announcement of the increased duty. Unusual quantities of spirits were taken out of bond in anticipation of the change, and consequently, although there was no considerable alteration in the amount of consumption, the increased duty was levied on a stock which had been artificially reduced. An increase of illicit distillation in Ireland is explained by the successive bad seasons, which have fitted the oat crops for conversion rather into whisky than into meal. It is a useful lesson that, in matters of business, any truth which serves a practical purpose is always of more than two dimensions.

According to the so-called theory of averages, the amount of fraud on the Excise ought to be a constant quantity; but the experience of the Commissioners leads to the opposite conclusion, that the honesty of distillers is improving as the trade falls more and more into the hands of a small number of capitalists. Integrity on the side of the manufacturers deserves and facilitates the considerate liberality of the Revenue authorities. The Report records several concessions which have been made to the wishes of the distillers; and the unforeseen character of some of the grievances which have been redressed shows the necessity of vesting a reasonable discretion in the Board. It is stated that the rectifiers adhere to a fixed standard of twenty-five degrees of strength above proof, so that the Scotch distillers, who rise as high as sixty per cent., are obliged to dilute their produce for the London market. The Excise rules formerly prohibited the practice of watering spirits in bond, and it was therefore necessary to perform the operation in Scotland, and to pay additional freight for an unprofitable bulk of water. The Scotch distillers urged on the Board their right to be placed in the same relative position which they would have occupied if their produce had been exempt from duty. "It appeared to the Commissioners that their reasoning was irrefutable, and that the appeal could not be resisted." The water is therefore added in the London bonded warehouse, and whisky competes with gin on equal terms. Of all principles of taxation, the theory propounded by the distillers is the most universal and the most fertile; and it may be hoped that the same wealthy manufacturers have learned to apply the true test to the comparative taxation of earnings and of realized property. They are concluded by their own admission that it is not the business of the tax-gatherer to correct the inequalities of fortune. Unfortunately, many traders still strain their consciences in fraud of the public revenue. Compensation cases afford, in some instances, the means of checking and punishing grossly fraudulent returns. Tradesmen who have paid income-tax on a few hundreds unhesitatingly swear before an arbitrator that their profits amount to two or three thousands. The Commissioners have, moreover, discovered by experience a refinement in the casuistry of fraud. When a large and deliberate evasion of duty is intended, the taxpayer carefully avoids making a return, and he is consequently charged either on the average of previous years, or on a conjectural estimate which he may have the opportunity of reducing. The legal duty of making a return may be more rigorously enforced, but there is still abundant room for moral improvement. The Commissioners, perhaps, point to the most effective remedy when they

state that Mr. GLADSTONE's allowance of a deduction of 60*l.* from the taxable amount of incomes under 200*l.* has led to a considerable diminution in the number of fraudulent claims for relief. As the rate of the tax has, within two years, been diminished by a third, there is some reason to hope that, under a lighter pressure, consciences may work more freely.

The farmers who are disposed to agitate for the repeal of the Malt tax will find little encouragement to their hopes in the statement that the quantity of malt made in the current year exceeds, by nearly two millions and a half of bushels, the largest amount ever previously known. A tax of 6,000,000*l.* is not easily spared; and it seems that no diminution in the produce of the duty is to be apprehended under the operation of Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill for feeding cattle. The Inland Board of Revenue has ascertained by elaborate experiments that the admixture of linseed renders the malt too unpalatable for conversion into beer which would satisfy the most rustic palate. Distillation would still be practicable; but, as malt used for distilling has for some time been exempt from duty, the former objections to this plan have become inapplicable. It is doubtful whether the desire to feed cattle with malt will survive the prohibition which rendered the tax available as a grievance. When the malt duty and the excise on spirits are added to the Customs' receipts from imported wines and spirits, the fiscal advantages of the popular thirst for alcohol excite surprise and admiration. If the Temperance Societies were right, private vices might be plausibly represented as public benefits, though the abstinence of the whole community from spirituous liquors would only have the effect of forcing taxation into some new and untried channel. The science of apportioning public burdens with approximate fairness is still novel and imperfect. The primitive plan of taking money where it may be most easily obtained still accounts for the maintenance of Customs' duties, and, like an African hunter, the taxgatherer lies in wait for his victims as they go to drink.

The most important recommendation in the Report is implied in the regret which the Commissioners express for the rejection of the Bill for altering the mode of collecting taxes. The substitution of officers appointed by the Crown for local assessors and collectors would add simplicity and regularity to the transaction of business, and it would save the country 50,000*l.* a year. The measure will undoubtedly be carried in the next Session, and it might have passed without serious opposition if the metropolis had not insisted on an anomalous exemption from its provisions. Where more complicated legislation is required, the Commissioners have learned to rely rather on judicial interpretation than on legislative enactment. They relate, with an almost humorous gravity, how, in 1857, they "suggested legislation to effect that which, it is now declared 'by high judicial authority, had actually been effected by the Act of 1853.'" The Succession duty of that year was intended to follow the precedent of the Legacy duty of 1796. In 1845, the House of Lords, in accordance with the opinion of all the Judges, decided that the operation of the Legacy duty was limited to the property of persons domiciled, at the time of death, in the United Kingdom. "It has now, however, been decided by the Lords Justices, '*In re Wallop's Trust*,' that there is no such limitation of the scope of 'the Succession Duty Act as that which the House of Lords considered as necessarily attaching to the Legacy Duty Act; and consequently, that property which, on account 'of the foreign domicile of the testator, is exempt from Legacy duty, is nevertheless liable to the same tax under the name 'of Succession duty.'" As the Commissioners justly observe, the case is remarkable as an illustration of the uncertainty of statute law. Like some old Eastern king, Parliament dreams a dream which is universally recognised as prophetically valid; but until the seers and wise men have declared its meaning, and until some DANIEL on the woolpack has confirmed or corrected the interpretation on appeal, it would be in the highest degree imprudent to act on the authority of private judgment. In the matter of the Succession duty, the Commissioners naturally applaud the involuntary wisdom of the Legislature in extending the scope of an impost. The liability, however, is confined to British subjects domiciled abroad, nor has it the remotest affinity to the old French *droit d'aubaine*, which affected foreigners only.

GERMANY.

WHEN a trader has been for some time straining every resource, working night and day, and wearing life and soul away in a vain effort to preserve his fame and name, he

feels a kind of comfort in the final stroke of fate which makes him a bankrupt. It is all over; the care and the toil and the anxiety are at an end, and he knows the worst. Soon he begins to enter on a new sort of existence. He finds bankruptcy a kind of occupation, and not a very unpleasant one. He has not much to do, he gets an allowance on which he manages to live somehow, and he takes a kind of mournful pride and pleasure in seeing how his estate cuts up, and in watching the quarrels and disputes of his creditors among themselves. Denmark is very much in this position now. She fought hard—foolishly hard, as the people tell her now who not very long ago egged her on to show the spirit of her old Norse blood, and uphold the famous Treaty of London. She is treated everywhere, even at Berlin, with a tender pity and contempt. It is settled that she shall retain enough to go on as an impotent little maritime State, and her creditors are at a dead-lock to know what to do with those of her possessions that they have got into their hands. Bankruptcies are proverbially slow affairs, and now that it has been once determined that the affairs of the Duchies shall be wound up, everything has passed into a stage of surprising quiet. The Duchies, so to speak, are in Chancery, and no one knows what the end of this will be, or when it will come, or whether it will come at all. The claimants who, like the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG, really thought they had privileges which could not be set aside, and the claimants who, like the Duke of OLDENBURG, were put up to make all privileged claims looked on with suspicion, are alike condemned to silence and oblivion. It is not certain that any one will gain by the process except the officers of the Court, and their duty is kindly discharged by Prussia. If she does not absorb the whole of what is now in her hands, she is sure to make a handsome temporary profit out of her situation, and there appears to be no reason why she should not keep things as they are almost as long as she pleases. No one can pretend to say when, or to whom, she will give up her hold on the Duchies; but it is evident that the result will, in the long run, depend on the relations which it is in the power and to the interest of Prussia to assume towards Austria on the one hand, and towards the minor States of Germany on the other hand; and, therefore, these relations are everywhere being scanned and discussed with much interest and anxiety.

The superior strength in Germany of Prussia, as contrasted with Austria, becomes more conspicuous every day, and it must be allowed that Count BISMARCK has shown much sagacity in calculating so confidently on it, and much boldness in bringing it so prominently before the world. Prussia can offer Austria great advantages, and wants nothing in return except the leadership of Germany. Nor is it necessary to go so far as to give Austria anything. The situation of Austria is so precarious, that even to hold out faint hopes of assisting her is to secure her concurrence in what Prussia suggests. The Cabinet of Vienna has two darling projects at heart, and there is nothing it will not sacrifice if any expectation is fostered that these projects will be favoured by Prussia. In the first place, Austria wishes to be admitted into the Zollverein; and, in the next place, Austria wishes Prussia to guarantee her Italian territory. Next year the Zollverein will be remodelled, and Austria foresees that it will for the future embrace the whole, or very nearly the whole, of non-Austrian Germany, and that thus Prussia, as the head of the Zollverein, will have a new and much greater position in Germany than Austria has ever been willing to allow her. But the treaty of commerce between Prussia and France will be the basis of the new league, and this treaty goes a long way in the direction of Free Trade. Austria, on the other hand, clings to Protection. Her manufacturers have the ear of the Court and the command of the Reichsrath, and they are as ignorant of political economy as if they lived in Pennsylvania. They cry out that they shall be ruined if Free Trade comes, and they see that Free Trade must come if Austria joins the Zollverein without being able to impose a Protectionist tariff on the whole of Germany. To be excluded from the new Zollverein is, for Austria, to lose the greater part of her political influence in Germany; to join it is to face deep discontent, and as it is thought at Vienna, certain commercial ruin at home. Austria, therefore, tries hard to persuade Prussia to make the Zollverein such a league as would suit the purposes of Austrian manufacturers. This is her only chance, for the acquiescence of all the chief minor States in the proposals of Prussia robs Austria of the hope of being able to form an opposition Zollverein in Southern Germany. If Prussia will make concessions, there is still a chance for Protection in Austria; but if Prussia declines, Austria must either change her

fiscal system or be left out in the cold. Nothing could suit the present purposes of Prussia better; for she thus secures the acquiescence of Austria in her policy towards Denmark and the Duchies, while she always retains the power of insisting, at the last moment, on giving that liberal character to the new Zollverein which it is her interest commercially to bestow on it, and which Germany would expect her to enforce. So, again, it is an object of the greatest importance to Austria that she should be able to rely on the active assistance of Prussia, in case she should be attacked in Venetia; and it is certain that Prussia could give her this assistance if she pleased, and that, although the cause of Austria in Italy is popular neither in Prussia itself nor in Northern Germany, yet, if the Cabinet of Berlin thought proper, the armies of Prussia could be sent to help Austria without any opposition worth noticing being excited. But although Prussia could help Austria in Italy, it is not very probable that she will do so, for Austria can scarcely give her an equivalent for embarking in a quarrel with which she has so little to do, and to engage in which would render her very unpopular in many parts of Germany. Prussia can lead Austria on by holding out vague hopes or promises of support, both with regard to the Zollverein and with regard to Venetia, and yet may keep herself free to adopt in both instances the policy that may suit her best when the time for decision comes. This is a very great advantage, and Prussia has not been slow or scrupulous in profiting by it.

Prussia has also succeeded in showing a more complete mastery over the small States than was, perhaps, expected. We no longer hear of our old friend Baron DE BEUST, who has been told plainly by Prussia to keep quiet, and has found himself obliged to obey the order. It is, in fact, very difficult for the minor States to do anything. They cannot get up an opposition to Prussia which shall be effective, unless they mean to fight if necessary, and it must be a very deep cause of quarrel that would persuade the people of Saxony and Hanover to fight Prussia. They look on Prussia with a divided mind. They are so far akin to her, and have so far identified themselves with her fortunes, that they cannot help taking a pride in her when she shows herself strong and successful. They do not wish to be absorbed in her; they probably think themselves better off as they are than if they had to pay Prussian taxes, and to submit to the Prussian bureaucracy. They also entertain a liking for their own little Courts, and are pleased with having a Sovereign of their own, whom every one knows, and whose voluminous titles give a reflected glory even to the humblest of his subjects. But they want something more than their own little State and their own local potentate. They wish to belong, in an indirect way, to a great famous fighting nation, and Prussia supplies the want much more nearly than anything they can see or think of. Prussia, therefore, can always do very much as she likes with the small States, provided there is no strong and exceptional feeling afloat through Germany. In ordinary times, Prussia can afford to disregard the opposition or displeasure of her smaller neighbours, and she can do this with especial ease when the policy which she is seeking to carry out happens, as in the case of the Duchies, to be a negative one. The smaller States might be stirred by any great and flagrant wrong into an attitude of active antagonism to Prussia, but they find no means of doing or saying anything when Prussia merely declines to act, or to let any one else act, and continues a state of things which she has brought about, and in which every one has acquiesced. Most of the minor States would like to see the present period of suspense terminated, and the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG placed triumphantly in the Duchies. But Prussia has most plausible reasons for keeping them waiting. There are military questions to be settled, and financial questions to be settled, and legal questions to be settled, or at least discussed. The treaty of peace with Denmark has not yet been settled, and it is still being debated whether Denmark ought not to pay a handsome compensation for having partially constructed her useless fleet with money wrung out of the suffering Schleswigers while they were her subjects. Until this is settled, and peace with Denmark finally signed, the destiny of the Duchies may be suffered to remain in the darkness that now enwraps it. Whether, when the time for decision comes, Prussia will be content to retire from the spoils she has seized, will depend in some measure on there being or not being any new and strong excitement about the matter in Germany generally, and it will still more depend on the attitude which the great military neighbours of Prussia may assume towards her.

SIR DAVID ROSS.

IF any tale was ever calculated to excite pity, it is that of the luckless Provost of Perth, who, almost without warning, and entirely without his consent, was compelled to accept the honour of knighthood, as a recognition of his singular merit and distinguished services in being present at the unveiling of one of Prince ALBERT's statues. But there are some afflictions for which, in England, it is impossible to find sympathy. The most charitable person can summon up no compassion for a man who is run away with on horseback, or a man who has a stiff-neck, or a man whose wife has twins. The misfortune of receiving the honour of knighthood must be put in the same category. It is undoubtedly very disagreeable. There is a false air of feudalism about it, which attaches to it the ridicule that belongs to all barefaced shams. It is the only name upon our list of titles that makes a direct claim to warlike prowess. It is irredeemably associated in everybody's mind, especially in the minds of those who have read *Ivanhoe*, with tournaments, and blazoned shields, and vizored helms, and all that sort of thing. A knight in the abstract is a man who certainly can ride, and who is sufficiently active and manly to be the admired of some lady-love. Now, if you happen to be an alderman, who has made his money in tallow, and been knighted for some chronological accident connected with the Royal family, and to whom the mere idea of activity, equestrian or otherwise, brings on a fit of asthma, it is painful to have this ideal standing as it were at your elbow, and provoking odious comparisons. It is cruel to select such a dignity, with such associations, to reward the merit of civic grandees who have distinguished themselves by behaving decently in the presence of Royalty upon some accidental occasion. If they had taken some more ancient title, whose peculiar attributes were less familiar, and therefore less calculated to suggest so ludicrous a contrast, it would be more tolerable. An alderman, for instance, might be created a maner, or a dryad, or a flamen, or even a sagamore; and though, in the minds of the learned, he might not strictly fulfil the functions which they are wont to associate with those names, still to the vulgar there would be nothing ridiculous—but, on the contrary, much that is mysterious and awe-striking—in his new designation. But no more satirical title, in all the languages used by articulately speaking men, could have been found than that of knight to decorate the peculiar civic merit which finds favour in the eyes of Royalty. The very insignia of the dignity are of themselves repulsive to the civic nature. What use can be served by spurs upon an alderman's heels, except (at the expense of some bystander's gown or trowsers) to compromise fatally a centre of gravity already hazardously poised? And as for the belt—the thought of it must inspire in the hearts of some of our modern belted knights feelings akin to those with which a saddle-girth is regarded by a cob who has recently been brought up from grass.

It does not answer for a system of decorations to be too absurd. Of course, it would be impossible to make such a system philosophically faultless, for the theory that merit acquires additional lustre from the recognition of persons who have no special gift for discerning it is scarcely tenable in mere argument. But it is perfectly legitimate for a Government to call in aid the innocent weaknesses of mankind, and the attempt to dispense with titles and decorations has never answered in practice. The grotesque passion of the Americans for military titles before they had an army sufficiently proved that, whatever philosophers may say, average humanity will have distinctions. But some homage to common sense ought to be paid in the selection of them. The "honour" of knighthood sins against every rule that should guide the construction of a system of honours. There is not only the absurd contrast between its original, and even now ostensible, significance, and the kind of merit for which it is bestowed. The anomaly would at last become familiar, and in course of time would cease to strike any one except people of an etymological habit of mind. No one expects a marquis to look after the borders, or imagines that because a man is called a duke he has necessarily any followers. The lapse of time heals the degeneration of such titles, and gives them a new meaning which overlays the old. There is the far more serious objection to the dignity of knight, that it has acquired no new meaning from the lapse of time. It is still conferred by the stroke of a sword, as in the days when it denoted military rank, but it has gathered round itself no new associations. It carries with it no office, no right; and it indicates no

particular kind of merit. A peerage is conferred for all sorts of reasons, and very often for reasons which confer little dignity upon the order. But then it carries with it the solid advantage of legislative power, and so long as it retains that incidental value it can never fall into contempt. Even a baronetage is in some sort valuable, in that, being hereditary, it confers upon the family which bears it a local influence and position which is often considerable. Such a decoration, on the other hand, as the Victoria Cross brings with it no palpable advantage; but then it is conferred exclusively for one particular kind of merit, more valued perhaps than any other; and, therefore, unless it is most extravagantly jobbed, it will continue to be highly prized. It is more difficult to find a similar recommendation for such a dignity as the Order of the Garter. But then it derives a collateral value from the fact that it is always given either to people of singular distinction, or else to men whose social position is sufficient to make them formidable to the Minister of the day. It is a kind of public proclamation that you are a tall poppy; and that, as in these days your head cannot be struck off, it is worth while to buy you. The compliment of being feared is one to which few are insensible, and it cannot be paid too publicly. But none of these recommendations can be urged in favour of knighthood. It means nothing, and it gives nothing. The inevitable consequence is that, except in the cases where it is attached by usage to certain legal functions, it tends to make its possessor rather ridiculous than otherwise. The consequence involves a serious embarrassment to sundry very excellent men, who have distinguished themselves intellectually, and whose merit in this direction it is proposed to recognise by making knights of them. They are, on the one hand, unwilling to decline an offer which implies the goodwill of their Sovereign, and the refusal of which, therefore, might pain her; and on the other, they are naturally averse to enrolling themselves in the noble army of hospitable aldermen, science-and-art jobbers, and Court flunkeys.

It is no matter of surprise, therefore, that men who respect themselves should fight shy of this questionable honour. It is becoming more and more a badge of mere Court livery. Sir DAVID ROSS, who is probably respected by his fellow-citizens upon sounder grounds, did not desire to be known to the history of his native town only as the uncoverser of a statue. It is hard upon him that his personal credit should have been selected as the proper sacrifice to be offered up to the presiding deity of the hour. But few minutes' warning were given him of his impending fate. A man of stern and heroic mould might even then have resisted. He might have refused to kneel at the fatal moment; or, by the exercise of a little opportune agility, he might have contrived that the honorific blow should fall upon the shoulders of some unconscious Bailie kneeling by. But it is not given to all to show the required resolution when the crisis of their lives comes on them suddenly. And therefore he was knighted, hard and fast. The faltering purpose of that critical moment has bound him for ever to the fatal dignity by indissoluble bonds. From henceforward he is a brother-in-arms to those gallant warriors who have won their spurs in the museums of South Kensington or upon the carpets of Buckingham Palace. It is hard that such an irrevocable doom should be the penalty of a few minutes' heedlessness or error. We live in an age when divorce is becoming the fashion, and the re-marriage of divorced wives is taking its place as an item in the national statistics. Surely the indissoluble wedlock of a titled unfortunate to the title he detests is a grievance deserving of redress. There ought to be some avenue of escape, some place of repentance, opened to Sir DAVID ROSS. After all, it was an accident that might have happened to anybody. The other indissoluble ties by which a man may bind himself are fastened with great deliberation, and under the sanction of a solemn ceremony. Orders are indelible; but then they are only conferred after a long training has put the candidate's sincerity to the test. Marriage is indissoluble, except by means which are circuitous, and (at present) are looked upon as discreditable. But then the elaborate and painful ceremony of courtship, and the salutary prolixity of lawyers, give ample space for resipiscence. But a simple blow with a three-cornered rapier—it may be given anywhere, at any moment, without a minute's warning, upon the shoulder of the most unoffending. There is a story of an Irish butler, who was knighted against his will by a Viceroy in a drunken frolic, and never could get a place again in consequence, for every one was shy of the absurdity of having a knight to hand round the champagne. The

poor man died in the workhouse. There is no danger of any such cruel abuse of her powers at the hands of our present gracious SOVEREIGN, but the uncontrolled use of so formidable an implement of mischief ought not to be placed in the hands even of the most exalted and the most virtuous. Some legal process should be invented for the relief of involuntary knights, and for the release of those who have committed themselves to the dignity without due consideration. Even those who are sentenced to death may be pardoned, as Sir GEORGE GREY very well knows. It is only those who are condemned to knighthood whose sentence can never be remitted.

AMERICA.

IN a short time considerable light will be thrown on the prospects of the American war by the result of two important proceedings. The Democratic Convention was to meet at Chicago at the end of August, and the compulsory draft was to come into operation at the beginning of September. It seems that the Confederate negotiators who had entered into communication with Mr. GREELEY remained at Niagara after Mr. LINCOLN's rejection of their overtures, for the purpose of endeavouring to concert a plan of operations with some of the Democratic leaders. A zealous English partisan of the Southern cause, who was admitted to their councils, reports that the seceding States are willing to meet the North in Convention, on condition that the illegally constituted State of Western Virginia shall be excluded, and that the Federal soldiers in the South shall be restrained from voting. The result would be that the free States would command a small majority, while the South, acting together, would be able to control the policy of the Convention if it succeeded in detaching three or four votes from the Federal side. It is assumed that the meeting of the Convention would be preceded by an armistice, and the cessation of hostilities would perhaps render the recommencement of the war impossible. The scheme is so much admired by its promoters that they profess alarm at the probability that it may be anticipated or plagiarized by Mr. LINCOLN and his supporters. The Republicans are supposed either to be weary of the war or to have discovered that popular feeling is now opposed to the continuance of the struggle; and a Convention which implies an acknowledgment of close political connexion might be considered not inconsistent with the repeated declaration of the PRESIDENT that the maintenance of the Union was an indispensable condition of peace. The Democrats, on the other hand, might point to the renewal of peaceable discussions as a proof that their own policy was feasible, if not successful. As the Chicago Convention will have been held before the Republicans can have any opportunity of adopting the new system, it would seem that the inventors of the project of pacification have no reason to fear piratical interlopers. It would be desirable, however, to ascertain whether the negotiators of Niagara have any authority from their own Government, and whether their Democratic correspondents are either able or willing to carry their proposed measures at Chicago. At a distance, it seems scarcely prudent in candidates for popular favour to appear as the professed organs of even the most moderate section of the Confederates. A Convention may perhaps provide a suitable machinery for the settlement of internal dissensions, but, as an instrument of pacification, it seems to share the defects of an International Congress. There is no use in the forms of a representative assembly when the majority has no final voice, and it is impossible to suppose that the Southern States would hold themselves bound by the result of a vote. The Convention implies previous reunion, while the Government of Richmond has repeatedly declared that separation and independence are the only admissible terms of peace. The South, however, would gain so largely by a suspension of arms that it is just possible that it might consent to enter a Convention.

The assent of the Federal population to the proposed arrangement is not less improbable. Although the creation of a new State by the PRESIDENT and Congress was an evident and wilful breach of the Constitution, it can scarcely be expected that the irregularity should be confessed and corrected on the demand of the enemy. It must be obvious to all parties that, whatever might happen to the Union, it would be idle even to propose to the Convention the abolition of slavery. The South would unanimously denounce any interference with their institutions, and every Northern Democrat in the assembly would support their objection. Moreover, although the meeting of a Convention would in some sense be inconsistent with the independence of the Confederacy, it would be necessary that the right of secession should remain an open question.

On the whole, it is not improbable that the Niagara diplomatists and their friends have mistaken a vague desire of peace for a willingness to enter into immediate negotiations. Professional politicians, in ordinary times, manage the affairs of the Republic, but a recent instance showed their inability to control their countrymen in a great national crisis. The PRESIDENT, the members of the Cabinet, and the leaders of both the great parties had avowed their belief that coercion was either unjust or impracticable only a few weeks before the capture of Fort Sumter. The sudden determination of the whole people that the dismemberment of the Union should be resisted at all hazards took their professional rulers by surprise. It is possible that the plan of a Convention may be found more practicable; but within the last two years, when Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, who seems to be the leader of the Peace Democracy, was banished from the country, there was no open symptom of discontent, or even of dissatisfaction. The hopes which are still founded on the great enterprises of GRANT and SHERMAN are not to be measured by the standard of impartial and perhaps unfriendly judgments on this side of the Atlantic. The boasting language of the North means less than the words might literally convey, but is not consciously and absolutely insincere.

The successful enforcement of the draft would at once put an end to all thought of peace. At present, it is only known that the difficulty of procuring volunteers is daily increasing. Since Congress abolished the fixed commutation for personal service, townships and other communities have found that the price of substitutes has been largely increased, because private customers have outbidden all public bodies. Even the extravagant bounties which are tendered have become insufficient, for any family in good circumstances is ready to sacrifice half its fortune rather than send one of its members to the field. The supply of immigrants from Ireland is happily diminishing, and the market is chiefly dependent on the Germans and negroes. The Boston papers exult over a smart transaction, by which four hundred Prussians have been enlisted in Belgium, probably with the aid of a little perjury and of a venial disregard of the laws of the country. It is at least allowable to suppose that the Federal agents in Ireland have not been more scrupulous, and, till lately, they have perhaps been equally successful. The demand for negro substitutes has exposed some agents from New England to a rebuff from General SHERMAN, who assures them that he has not seen an able-bodied man in Georgia, either white or black, except in the ranks of one of the armies. General SHERMAN adds that, in his opinion, the negro is neither equal to the white man, nor fit for military service. There is little doubt that four-fifths of the number of recruits required by the PRESIDENT must be enlisted by compulsion, if they are to be procured at all. It is difficult to ascertain the actual number demanded, as every fresh requisition is complicated by calculations of excess or deficiency on previous calls. It is not even ascertained whether soldiers who were enlisted for three years are to be credited to their respective States and townships as equivalent to three volunteers or conscripts under the present call for twelve months. If the losses of the summer campaign, which may perhaps amount to 200,000 men, can be replaced before the end of the year, the Republican party will make a vigorous effort to test once more the heroic resistance of the South. No serious distress has yet been felt in the Atlantic States, and the embarrassments of the Treasury are rather prospective than actual. The unexpected vent for Federal securities which has been opened in Germany and Holland has provided the Government with a hundred millions sterling at a time when domestic supplies of money seemed to be almost exhausted. A gleam of military success in Virginia, in Georgia, or in Alabama, might still secure Mr. LINCOLN's re-election and the indefinite prosecution of the war.

The news from the different armies is, as usual, indecisive, though the confirmation of the doubtful report that General LEE had appeared in the Shenandoah Valley would indicate a serious movement to the north of the Potomac. General SHERIDAN has thus far not supported, in independent command, the reputation which he obtained in a subordinate capacity. Having advanced up the valley without opposition to Strasburg, he found General EARLY fronting him in an unassailable position, and he was reminded, when it was too late, by the capture of a portion of his trains, that he had neglected to secure the gaps through the Blue Ridge in his forward movement. The Confederates hold military possession of the country to the East of the mountains, which was formerly the principal battle-field of Virginia. Mosby's cavalry passed freely backwards and forwards through the gaps, and SHERIDAN was consequently forced to retreat to the

neighbourhood of Harper's Ferry, followed by EARLY, who has been reinforced by a portion of LONGSTREET's division. The Confederates obtained some advantage in a combat near Charlestown, and they will at least afford full occupation to 40,000 or 50,000 men who might otherwise be employed in front of Petersburg. GRANT's operations have as usual been vigorous, inconsistent, and wasteful, but he has secured an important position. About the 16th of August, he attacked with a large portion of his army the defences of Richmond on the North of the James River, and during the following days, after occupying a part of the works, he was repelled with a loss which is vaguely estimated by the Confederates at 7,000 or 8,000 men. On the failure of his right wing, GRANT extended his left across the Weldon railway, where for once he seems to have taken the enemy by surprise. After two or three days' fighting, in which both sides lost heavily, the Federals retained possession of the railroad, but they were forced to withdraw their troops from the North bank of the river. As they are probably covered by intrenchments, General LEE will scarcely be able to reopen the Weldon railway by force, but the extension of the lines to a distance from the water will increase the difficulty of obtaining supplies. If General GRANT were still as strong in cavalry as at the beginning of the campaign, he would probably be able to interrupt the traffic of the Danville railway, which is at present perfectly open. In the absence of any definite news from Atlanta, both parties excusably dwell on the respective advantages which they have already obtained. The Confederate loss in Georgia has probably been heavier than that of the adversary, and, on the other hand, SHERMAN is far from his base, and his communications are threatened.

REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES.

AT a moment when Denmark appears to be in danger of melting away under the process of pacification, considerable attention has been suddenly directed to the details of the Danish Constitution, in consequence of a despatch written upon the subject by Mr. LYTON on the first of July last year, and, with true Foreign Office expedition, just given to the world. The point which has attracted attention is the curious coincidence between the actual electoral law of Denmark (or, rather, the law as it stood last year) and the speculative Reform Bill which Mr. HARE submitted to public discussion some years ago. The Danish law is the work of a M. ANDRÉ, who is the first mathematician in Denmark. It is difficult to imagine any people out of Laputa confiding the construction of their Constitution to their first mathematician. However, in consequence of certain peculiarities in their foreign relations, the Danes consented, in the year 1855, to accept an electoral law at the hands of M. ANDRÉ, and, as may be imagined, it was a highly symmetrical and mathematical production. The principle of it was this:—As matters stood under the old law—which, like our law, left the election to the majority of the electors—the minority were not represented at all. Supposing there were ten constituencies, with ten thousand voters in each, and that in each the Conservatives were 5,001 and the Liberals 4,999, the whole of the elections would go to the Conservatives, and the Liberals, who were within twenty of being equal to their adversaries, would be nowhere in the representation. An additional consequence would be that the conversion of ten electors would reverse the policy of the Government, and drive the vessel of the State violently back upon her course. This hypothesis is of course extreme, but there is no doubt that something like it actually does take place in the representation of the county of Middlesex and its boroughs. These evils M. ANDRÉ, like Mr. HARE after him, proposed to remedy. The object of both these projects is to provide that every man who gets votes enough to elect a member should be a member, without any reference to the number that other candidates might get. But, then, what are votes enough to make a member? They find this all-important *datum* by simply dividing the number of voters by the number of members they have to elect. In the City of London, for instance, where there are four members, the qualifying number of votes would be a fourth part of the whole number voting. Supposing, therefore, the Conservatives to be a fourth of the constituency, they would get one member, instead of being wholly swamped, as they are now.

The plan is worked in this way. The electors vote by lists, as in the United States. As soon as all the votes are sent in, the returning officer counts the number of voting-

papers, and then divides the amount by the number of members to be chosen. Thus he obtains the qualifying number. Then he takes the voting-papers and puts down the names at the head of each list, until some one person has reached the qualifying number. That person is forthwith declared duly elected. Then he goes on with the voting-papers, striking out the name of the person who is already elected whenever he finds it at the head of a list, and taking the next one in its place. This process is continued until another is found to be elected, and so on until all the seats are filled up. If the full tale cannot be made up, the remaining seat or seats are to be assigned to the person whose name is at the head of the majority of the remaining lists. But, in any case, no one is elected whose supporters do not reach to more than half the qualifying number. Such is the system which, under the Constitution of 1855, was in use in the Kingdom of Denmark. There is no doubt that it attains the object of giving to minorities a representation which they do not obtain under our existing system. Even, however, upon its own arithmetical grounds, there are one or two serious objections to it. The first is, that under its operation a candidate who has obtained the qualifying number may be rejected, while a man with not half as many votes may be accepted. The choice of the first man is a matter of fair counting, but the choice of the others is a good deal regulated by chance. Suppose two seats have to be filled up by a thousand voters. Lord PALMERSTON is at the height of his popularity, and almost every one votes for him. Nine hundred lists out of the thousand begin with his name; the other hundred votes are given to Conservatives. He of course occupies one seat. But of these nine hundred lists five hundred have Mr. GLADSTONE's name as second, two hundred and fifty-one have Sir CHARLES WOOD's name second, and the same place, in the remaining hundred and forty-nine, is given to some third man. Now, according to the law, if by any freak of fortune, the returning officer should not put his hand upon any of the lists in which Sir CHARLES WOOD's name appears second, until the five hundredth is passed, Mr. GLADSTONE, though possessing a qualifying number, loses his seat. For the voting papers in which Mr. GLADSTONE has a second place do not count for anything until Lord PALMERSTON is declared duly elected; and, therefore, to obtain his seat, Mr. GLADSTONE must not only have more than Sir CHARLES WOOD, but he must have more after Lord PALMERSTON's five hundredth vote has been counted. In this respect, therefore, the election would be a mere toss-up. The advocates of the plan seem to think that such mishaps would be immaterial because both candidates would belong to the same party. But it is easy to conceive a combination in which the party balance would be materially affected by these caprices of chance. Suppose an election at the time of Lord NORTH's greatest unpopularity. Every one who voted against him would probably have headed his list with the names of FOX and BURKE. Suppose, as before, a constituency of a thousand with two seats to fill up. Seven hundred and forty-nine lists would be given in for FOX and BURKE, but as no one would care to vote for the one who did not vote for the other, their names would appear in no other lists. The remaining two hundred and fifty-one would be given for Lord NORTH and a friend. The result, according to the law, would be that FOX and Lord NORTH would be returned; for as BURKE would never begin to count till FOX's five hundredth vote was passed, he never could reach to the two hundred and fifty-one votes indispensable for an election. Thus a constituency divided in the ratio of 749 to 251 would be represented in the House of Commons by a split vote. This would be the representation of minorities with a vengeance. On the other hand, if three hundred of the Whig electors, instead of voting for FOX and BURKE, had voted for BURKE and FOX, BURKE would have obtained his seat, and the minority would not have been represented at all.

But these are difficulties of detail. The more serious objection arises from the fact that unless this plan of voting can be applied to the deliberations of the Legislature, it is nugatory. It is to little purpose that the minority are protected from the strength of the majority at the hustings, if they are made to feel the full force of it in the division-lobby. The real protection to the minority is to be found in the sense of fair-play, the instinct of moderation, the traditional habit of never pushing a victory to extremes, the independent spirit with which a Legislature of unpaid members will always resist the efforts of a headstrong party-leader to draw them into an overbearing or violent policy. As long as

this spirit rules the deliberations of a Legislature, the rights of a minority are safe. Let it be withdrawn, and no fantastic manipulation of the poll-book will avail to save them. To take the case of Belgium. Party runs its highest there, and moderation is thrown aside. It is an internecine conflict. The Liberals have won, and will probably take care that the Catholics are securely barred from any future chance of power. If the Catholics had won, they would have taken similar precautions on their side. Of what avail would it be to the minority either way that some of their members had been elected through this arithmetical contrivance by a constituency numerically hostile? The real danger to representative institutions lies in the introduction of a rectilinear symmetrical arrangement, such as a scheme like this would favour. So long as men sit by a number of different tenures, a tyrannous majority is improbable. One man sits because he is locally popular; another because he is friends with the powerful men of his district; a third because he has sat for a long time, and does Parliamentary business well; a fourth because he is a good Catholic; a fifth because he is a good Protestant; a sixth because he understands the particular trade of his locality. The heavy party screw cannot be brought to bear against men holding by such tenures, to force them into any vote which is against their sense of right. The presence of this element in a Legislature is the best protection of a minority. Break up the local system, mass constituencies into large groups, make the electoral returns a mere arithmetical expression of the relative strength of two contending orders of ideas—and you destroy the only effective drag-chain upon the power of the majority.

After all, a tree must be judged by its fruits. An electoral system is best tested by the quality of the members it produces; and their capacity may be ascertained from the merits of the Ministers, whom they have lifted up to power. Tried by such a test as this, the system of M. ANDRÉ has but a melancholy account to give. The Ministers who governed Denmark during the last nine years were probably the blindest with whom a nation in extremity has been ever cursed. They have been courageous, with the courage of children or of idiots. They have shaped their whole policy to provoke a war; they have known, admittedly for many years back, that it was towards war that they were steering. Yet in the course of eight years they could not make preparations even approximately equal to those which the surprised and unarmed Confederates were able to make in as many months. The war which they had been steadily courting for so long found them without a single defensible fortification or a single modern gun. If these are the results of a mathematical Reform Bill, we shall hope that political equations may long be kept off our Statute-book.

HOSPITALITY.

THE papers inform us that Mr. Whalley, M.P., has invited all his constituents to pay him a visit. There is something gorgeous and Arabian in so magnificent an invitation. Other great men are often free-handed and munificent, but to have a whole constituency as guests gives the finest notion of Mr. Whalley's heart, and of his boundless resources. We think with wonder of the scene that presents itself to the imagination. The constituency of Peterborough is not a very small one, and it must be of a mixed character, and of mixed creeds. A lucky accident may indeed divide the guests, and as Mr. Whalley's mansion is always open, chance or arrangement may induce them to come in batches. Supposing this is so, we are lost in fancying what they do when they get there. Let us say that only ten tailors, half of them drunk and half of them Roman Catholics, arrive just as Mr. Whalley is sitting down to dinner. Where do the tailors go to? What does Mr. Whalley do with them? What do they get to eat and drink? Does Mr. Whalley carry politeness to the extreme of humouring the fancies of his guests? Does he hob and nob with his drunken five, and bless the Pope with his Romanist five? Perhaps, however, the effort is less than it seems, and the hospitality is based on the supposition that no one will accept it. Mr. Whalley may reckon that no constituent in his senses would go off a couple of hundred miles to stay with his member, when every one was asked in the same way and at the same time. But, then, these same people have elected Mr. Whalley, and he may argue that, if they could be induced to do that, they could be induced to do anything. It is certainly odd that he should satisfy Peterborough; but, as he satisfies Peterborough enough to be elected there, he may satisfy it enough to draw Peterborough to Wales. The papers, however, that tell us of Mr. Whalley's princely invitation, also tell us that the representation of Peterborough will be keenly contested at the next election, and possibly the invitation and the prospective contest have something to do with

each other. Those who come to dine will, it may be supposed, remain to vote, and this hospitality may only be Mr. Whalley's way of bribing. If so, it is as simple and innocent a way of bribing as could be found. Mr. Whalley has had the honour of discovering the very slightest and most harmless temptation to the British elector that could bewilder his honesty. An elector who takes nothing more for his vote than the pleasure of arriving unexpectedly at a remote country-house in company with ten tailors is really uncorrupted.

In a certain way, most Englishmen love hospitality. We think it a virtue, and it has the advantage of being a virtue that is easy and pleasant to the virtuous man. Of course we cannot emulate the hospitality of men in uncivilized countries. We cannot take in the wandering stranger as an Arab sheik or an Illinois backwoodsman does. There are no wandering strangers in England, or, if there are, they are of the kind whom we think it well to provide with a night's lodging, a pint of gruel, and an opportunity of a little gentle stone-breaking. The distinguished cavalier who, in romances telling of wild countries, goes up to the castle and sings the songs of his country after supper, or the traveller who, in books of travel, spends a night in an Arab tent, drinks sour milk, and wonders at the queer Mahomedan custom of saying prayers without shame, goes through a much simpler process in England. He has his inn waiting for him everywhere, and an admirable opportunity of finding combined the maximum of cost and the maximum of discomfort. It is not in the slightest degree a discredit to civilized man that he is not hospitable as an Arab chief is hospitable, nor is it much credit to the Arab chief that his hospitality is as great as it is. If it is a gain to the traveller to be housed or sheltered for the night, it is also a gain to the host to have some one with a new face to break the monotony of his dull life. The sheik is like Mr. Whalley; he does not give for nothing. While Mr. Whalley surveys his tailors feeding, and notices the pleasant way in which they get through their meals, he probably sustains himself with the thought that he will have his reward when next polling-day comes. The sheik, too, who has got more sour milk and tough bread than he knows what to do with, in the same way soon receives ample compensation for the simple cheer he offers. It is something for him to notice his guest's watch and gun, and the nervous anxiety with which the stranger smooths his moustaches. Besides, each individual sheik feels that he has no option. It is not open to him to be inhospitable, and custom decrees that he shall receive without questioning the wandering guest. It is good in him to be hospitable, but it would be very bad in him if he were not. And a great part of the hospitality that is shown in the world is of this sort. It is a duty that has to be discharged, or it is the only thing the hospitable man can do under the particular circumstances. For example, the great man of a district, the Lord Lieutenant of a county for instance, entertains hosts of visitors on stated occasions. Is this hospitality? Perhaps so; but there is no particular virtue in it. The Lord Lieutenant must do thus much, and uncommonly shabbily the duty is sometimes performed. The rich men who live near a great town like London, and who have made heaps of money in trade or business, exchange heavy dinners with each other. This, too, is a very easy sort of hospitality. They have nothing else to do with their money, and scarcely any other way of showing that they have it. They meet to give each other tacit certificates that rumour has not exaggerated their substance. They entertain in order that, when they appear outside their gates, they may have the respect paid them that is ordinarily shown to persons who are satisfactorily accredited as being warm, comfortable men.

Considering how very largely in most cases the benefit of hospitality lies more with the giver than with the receiver, it may be doubted whether the notion, so common in England, of its being undignified to accept hospitality without an opportunity of returning it, is not carried too far. In some cases, of course, the notion is a very proper one. Where, for example, there are neighbours in the country who hold much the same position in life, and have much the same pretensions and claims, it would be accepting a position of humiliating inferiority if any one of them were always to be content to be the guest and never wished to be the host. Or, again, if there are many well-to-do persons living together on sociable and easy terms, as in the upper circles of a provincial town, it fairly raises the suspicion of meanness and stinginess if one member of the circle seems to shirk his share of entertaining. But where no inequality among local equals, and no imputation of stinginess, can arise, the guests need not think that they are receiving a benefit from the host which, if unreturned, will cover them with shame. Let us take the case of a cheerful couple, free from family troubles, with a country-house where they wish to reside, and a large fortune. What are they to do with their house and their money? A man cannot go on for ever staring out of his window, slapping himself, throwing up grateful eyes, and saying to himself that he is monarch of all he surveys. He cannot be always riding or driving. Nothing is more wearying and more desolate than large rooms with no one to fill them, and large dinners with no one to eat them. The host wants guests. To get them is to get the best thing that money can purchase, and that without which most other things that money can purchase are useless. The guest, as he walks through the large rooms and eats the large dinners, may fairly say to himself, "My host is very kind; he gives me the luxury of a great house. I can walk through his park, and fish in his lake. I can get in his stables a good horse to ride, I may shoot his pheasants,

I can read his books, and have for the time all that his wealth gives him; but then, in return, I prevent his wealth being a burthen and a curse to him. I and my fellow-guests give him the satisfaction of having a full house instead of an empty one. We enable him to swell with the happiness of exercising an easy virtue, and so, on the whole, we do more for him than he does for us, and, although his kind hospitality charms us, it scarcely leaves us his debtors." In the same way, young married people in London need not be under the apprehension they sometimes express, that, in accepting invitations to dinner without being able to give dinners, they are incurring a humiliating obligation. This is a pure mistake. The obligation is, out of all proportion, on the side of the hosts. It is everything for them to get young married women at their table. The difference between one dinner-party and another is not in the eating, for all dinners are cut pretty much on the same pattern; nor in the drinking, for scarcely any wine at big parties is so far drinkable as to make its little variations worth noticing; but the difference is in having or not having plenty of young married women at table. What is the good of staring for hours at a pile of ferns and camelias, or forced fruits, to a man who is placed between a silly silent girl on one side and a solid rock of matronly silk on the other? Young married women who look tolerably nice and will talk are of perfectly priceless value at dinner-parties, and, of course, their husbands must come too, and very amiable creatures they generally are, and quite worth their keep.

At the same time, it is not fair to represent all hospitality as pure pleasure. Those who are consistently and widely hospitable, as a matter of principle, have many trials to go through, and the world may be obliged to them when they bear these trials pleasantly. In the first place, they cannot help receiving professed stayers-out—men and women whose business it is to go from house to house, and who have a happy art of making life, wherever they go, seem artificial, rapid, and frivolous. A man whose position condemns him to come down morning after morning and find a parcel of such people gathered round his breakfast-table must often wish he had been born in a humbler position, which would have permitted him to breakfast in peace with his wife, his children, and his *Times*. Then, again, when men are widely hospitable, and act on principle, they find themselves impelled, or forced, to include in their hospitality persons who are in very respectable positions, but who have not the reserve of educated persons. The penalty of this extension of benevolence is the astonishing, though innocent, familiarity with which their guests show their readiness to be sociable, the confidences about their Toms and Fannys into which they enter at once, and their sudden transitions from stiffness to boundless intimacy. It is not, therefore, so very enviable to be in a position to exercise wide hospitality as it might seem, and they are perhaps the happiest whose hospitality consists merely in welcoming known friends, and in sharing with them the pleasures of an unassuming but comfortable home. It is true that hospitality in this case ceases to be a virtue, for all is pure pleasure in it. But different men have different duties, and every one is not called on to be hospitable on a grand scale. Every one is not either an Arab sheik or Mr. Whalley.

EISTEDDFODS.

AN Eisteddfod was lately celebrated at Llandudno, in North Wales, with provincial or local success. There were *awen* and *englynion* and other indigenous poetical exercises, and noises were made on one or two of the few Welsh harps which still survive among more cosmopolitan instruments. There were also prize essays on geology and other respectable subjects, and one industrious printer had actually translated *Hamlet* into Welsh. Llandudno is a modern watering-place at the foot of Penmaenau, and it has only come into existence since the place was rendered accessible by railway. The railway itself, with its unscythed cars, clashes in some degree with the remote history and mythology which is, in theory, cultivated at Eisteddfods, but there is no sound reason for declining the most convenient mode of access to any assemblage which may in itself be interesting or useful. Englishmen are in the habit of laughing at Eisteddfods, and some of the peculiarities of the national Welsh festival are somewhat odd; but it is stranger that a nook of Great Britain should for fourteen hundred years have been able to exclude the English language, than that the primeval inhabitants of the mountains should combine peculiar tastes with the use of their primeval tongue. Celtic scholars may probably dispute the soundness of the popular archeology, and less qualified sceptics may hesitate to believe that the rites and ceremonies of Llandudno have been handed down in unaltered succession through a series of barbarous and partially civilized centuries. Nevertheless, the preservation of the custom is venial, and even laudable, if only it is really popular among the simpler and more genuine Welshmen. Robin Hood Foresters in green tunics are only to be tolerated because universal toleration is a necessity, if not a virtue, in a country where every man does as he pleases. There is certainly no traditional belief in Robin Hood, nor, indeed, has the English population any national traditions whatever. The Puritans substituted Scripture histories for all native legends, and the genius of Milton elevated a pious fable into the rank of a national epic. Thousands of careless readers vaguely believe that the Satanic history in *Paradise*

Lost rests on Biblical authority. The Welsh, though they have for more than a century been thoroughly subjugated by the successors of the Puritans, still cherish the recollections which are identified with their decaying language. Having little greatness of their own to contemplate, in the present or the future, they are willing to assume that in the distant past their race was as heroic as it is still tenacious. Undoubted antiquity is in itself respectable, and it is well that shepherds and hill farmers should take an interest in something more elevated than wool. The English labourer has many solid and excellent qualities, including an unequalled capacity for steady labour; but it must be admitted that his predilections and habits of thought are not romantic or intellectual. It would be difficult to induce a set of Dorsetshire or Sussex villagers to compose odes and epigrams, or to listen to the poetical lucubrations of their neighbours. The Llandudno compositions were probably not of a high order, but a literary competition of any kind could only interest a spirited and susceptible community.

Antiquarians dispute the authenticity of the fragments which are attributed to Welsh bards, and Aneurin and Taliessin themselves only retain a questionable place in history. One theorist has lately argued that the Druids were Buddhist priests, and an equally plausible writer has undertaken to show that Druidism never existed. It is, however, certain that the Welsh still retain the character which might have rendered them amenable to the influence of professional teachers in literature or theology. The bards who wear odd dresses and symbols at Eisteddfods are out of date, but the preachers of Wales perform some of the functions of bards and Druids. The doctrines of Whitfield and of some other sectarian prophets have taken root in the Principality, and they have assumed a singular national form. The dissenting ministers who represent and propagate the popular faith are not required to be learned, but they must possess a voluble utterance, and a certain metaphysical acuteness. It is one of their customary duties to preside at theological discussions, which are said to be conducted with remarkable subtlety, although the disputants are often ignorant of the simplest propositions of history or geography. The preachers are so little above their congregations either in cultivation or in social position, that their ascendancy depends on their power of gratifying the popular desire for intellectual excitement, and all classes feel that the success of their favourite exercises is contingent on the use of the national language. When English invades a district, theological casuistry loses all its attractions. Although the Welsh, like many other Celtic races, have a respect for birth and station, the universal use of the English language by the higher classes in some degree causes and perpetuates a separation. The commonalty is willing that the gentry should talk English and go to church, and if the squire of a country parish were to show himself in the dissenting chapel on Sunday, he would be regarded as an intruder and apostate, if not as a spy. All men cling to the symbols and practices which bind them to any definite section of human beings. The Welsh language is, perhaps, additionally endeared to the people by their consciousness or suspicion that it is likely to disappear. Their sympathies are, to a certain extent, in conflict with their interests; for Welshmen always hope to better their own condition, and they are well aware that a knowledge of English is the first condition of rising in the world. While the change is proceeding, the students of a foreign language are incomparably better educated than their equals in any other part of the country. A bilingual population understands grammar and the logic of language almost as if it consisted wholly of professed scholars. When the accomplishment becomes universal, the acquired language will be merely the non-suggestive mother-tongue of the next generation. The Eisteddfod, as far as it is a popular institution, represents a fear, which assumes the air of confidence, that the Welsh will abandon their own language when they have acquired a more convenient instrument of intercourse with the world. If *awen* and *englynion* can console them, they may be excused for shutting their eyes to the time when their descendants will make no epigram, however pointless, and adorn no ode with even the stupidest bombast.

The thorough-going Welshmen who despise Eisteddfods because they are not sufficiently national unconsciously display a more comic form of local patriotism than their less fastidious countrymen. Worthy clergymen from remote hill-parishes write to complain of the attention which is paid to frivolous prize verses, while the serious contributions of native authors to science and literature are perversely disregarded. Another grievance is found in the anomalous admixture of English speeches with the proceedings, and of English money with the funds of the festival. It is not perhaps easy to vindicate the reasonableness of reciting an *englyn* to an audience which is incapable of distinguishing Welsh from Turkish or from Tamil; and it is highly probable that the prize poems of Llandudno are worse than the prize poems of Oxford or Cambridge. That grave authors should suppose it worth while to write serious works in Welsh is a more surprising proof of their indifference to the actual state of the world. The complaint that the English language is partially used at Eisteddfods is scarcely reasonable. Llandudno must be more lively than ordinary watering-places if the visitors are not eager to welcome any kind of amusement or occupation. The public commemoration of a strange language offers a really curious spectacle, and it would be as unwise to exclude the Saxon from a share in the amusements as to abstain from charging him a suitable price for his lodgings.

The observant visitor takes pleasure in hearing an unknown tongue, especially if he has sufficient philological acuteness to guess that *Eisteddfodau* is the plural of *Eisteddfod*, and *englynion* of *englyn*; yet it would be tiresome to pass an entire day without hearing an intelligible word, and it is fair that there should be some explanation of the abstruse Celtic mysteries. The Committee of the Eisteddfod was lucky enough to catch in Dr. Vaughan, of the *British Quarterly*, a well-informed man of letters, with a name which, by a fortunate accident, is undoubtedly Welsh. Having probably no knowledge of the language of his ancestors, Dr. Vaughan happily remembered that the Welsh are the living representatives of the ancient inhabitants of Britain. A ready speaker could desire no better subject for a complimentary address, and the Welshmen who were present heard with pleasure that the Britons had been libelled by Lord Macaulay, and that King Arthur was either historically or mythically a countryman of their own. It would have been difficult to prove that the Welsh of the earlier middle ages were conspicuous for refinement, as the four centuries of Roman civilization left small traces behind; but, as Dr. Vaughan plausibly argued, the fault rests with Hengist and Horsa, with the Saxons, the Scots, and the Picts. It might indeed be objected that the Picts themselves probably belonged to the Cymric race, and that, when they came into collision with their kindred in the south and west of the island, Prince Vortigern's victorious grandfather won from a naked Pict the painted vest which has since become famous. The Scots were Gaelic or Erse tribes, who had little leisure to invade the Cymric portion of Britain; and, on the whole, it would perhaps be safer to hold the Saxons and Normans exclusively responsible for any petty defects which may be discovered in the Welsh character. Dr. Vaughan's history was quite accurate enough for the occasion, and there is no reason why his Welsh hearers should hesitate to appropriate to themselves the fame of the ancient Britons and of the Celtic race throughout the world. Before they took Rome under Brennus, they performed a more lasting achievement by naming almost all the rivers of Europe, and a large proportion of the mountains. The prefixes of *nant* and *pen* record their presence on the Alps, and the Douro and Tagus bear witness to the language of the earliest dwellers on their banks. A million or two of Celts had the honour of falling in resistance to Julius Cæsar, and the surviving Gauls of Brittany speak to this day a language closely allied to Welsh. The oldest inhabitant of Europe may be excused for occasionally reminding a careless generation of Teutonic upstarts that his traditions mount higher than Hengist or Horsa. It is even excusable if he attempts to supply a failing memory by occasional harmless fictions. His reproduction at an Eisteddfod of the legendary bards and apocryphal Druids of his youth ought not to be subjected to unreasonable hypercriticism.

VAGUE AIMS.

THE common effect of a play, a romance, or any other appeal to the imagination, upon young people, unless they are of a strangely unsusceptible temper, is to fill them with dreams of an heroic and extraordinary future for themselves. They do not picture a set of circumstances exactly resembling those in the scene before them, but the excitement of imagination which the scene produces inspires them, while it lasts, with a crowd of vague fancies about their own career. The fortunes of the hero and heroine are, it may be presumed, interesting to all the spectators, but the interest would probably be found in each case to be aroused by distinct causes. Among persons who have culture enough to appreciate with genuine relish an artistic novel, how many agree in liking the same characters for precisely the same reasons? And in the narrower class of those who enjoy music, without the cant and transcendental jargon with which it is sometimes invested, in how many does the same piece awaken precisely the same set of images? The secret of this seems to be that each reader or listener goes to his own life to discover for himself the meaning and force of the composition. The older he gets, the more natural does it appear that his imagination should, in such circumstances, revert to the past rather than the future; but with the young it is not less natural that all healthy mental excitement of this kind should people the days to come with pleasant shadows. This process it used to be the fashion, and among some strait sects it still remains the fashion, to denounce as fatally enervating and unwholesome. The modern view, however, generally is that building castles in the air, if the process is only superintended by reason and common sense, not only does not necessarily dissipate the mind, but may actually exert a vastly more bracing influence upon it than some of the most popular tonics of former times. The tremendous bustle and restlessness which characterises modern society is partly due to the new doctrines on this point. People allow themselves to dream more, and their dreams make them work all the harder. It is admitted, for example, that a barrister is all the more likely to make a practice of two or three thousand a year if he starts in life with a general purpose of getting to the woollack. And a man will scarcely make a worse working curate because in his own mind he is always dreaming that some day or other he will write a book that shall effect a perfect restoration of belief. The lawyer, for the short time that law leaves him the free use of his imaginative faculties, if he has any, receives a new stimulus and new energy in the drudgery of his profession whenever he sees a play or hears an opera, because the excitement makes

him more ready to believe the possibility of his attaining what he wishes. If he is a fool, of course he may sit dreaming all day long in his chambers, waiting for a Queen's Messenger with the Great Seal in his pocket; but the loftiness of his aim found him a fool to begin with, and did not make him one. If, on the other hand, he is a sensible man—sensible, that is, for legal purposes—he will work like a slave at his precedents, statutes, cases, and all the rest of it; but whenever he comes within range of any powerful work of imagination, whether poetry or music or anything else, he will still find himself dreaming about the glory of his career. Whether he does this in a stupid and conceited way, or with a certain loftiness, depends obviously on the general force and depth of his character. The curate, too, need not neglect the poor, nor be unpunctual at funerals, nor preach silly sermons, nor turn sulky and unsocial at tea-parties and croquet, because he has a fancy that he will eventually prove the most conspicuous theologian of his time. On the contrary, a monstrously broad purpose of this sort is often the best form of encouragement which some men can have to the cheerful performance of routine duties. People with crotchets are notoriously capable of rare vigour and perseverance in matters where their crotchets are not immediately concerned. A man who had persuaded himself, and was devoting his whole life to persuading others, that he had squared the circle or discovered the secret of perpetual motion, would probably make an uncommonly useful missionary, and not a bad schoolmaster in one of those establishments where a person is expressly kept for the purpose of "exercising a moral influence" out of school hours.

But there is another and more curious sort of castle-building that may be considered peculiar to modern times. The dreams of professional ambition and religious enthusiasm are by no means an exclusively modern phenomenon, though modern changes have, in various ways, done much to encourage them. The strange feature of this new restlessness is the utter uncertainty of its object. Those who are affected by it would be puzzled to say with any clearness why they are discontented, or what they are aiming at. A man who has grown rich, and been blessed with a quiver full of grown-up daughters, will be at no loss to know what we mean. His daughters seem to have everything within their reach that can make life enjoyable—money, good looks, refined tastes, and a reasonable prospect of eligible husbands. To a certain extent they are contented; but the key to their whole life is to be found in a set of vague aspirations which, though invisible on the surface, underlie everything they do or think about. What these aspirations amount to is something quite indefinable. It is not the ordinary snobbish fever about knowing lords or county magnates, and anything like tuft-hunting young ladies of this peculiar stamp scorn most heartily. They may experience a slight throb of satisfaction on being asked to dine at the house of the great nobleman of the neighbourhood, but only because it is an indirect step to the attainment of their mysterious designs. They are anxious to be great people on their own account, and to shake off commercial connexions without hanging on to the skirts of superior rank. These vague social aims are the natural product of a culture that has no position and no outlet. The sons of a merchant who has realized a fortune may do whatever they like. If they want to make more money, they may carry on the business; or if, with greater simplicity of purpose, they merely want to spend their father's money, they may go into the Guards, or lounge at the Bar, or do nothing at all. But with daughters the case is widely different. They can go neither into the counting-house nor into the Guards. They have had the best education that can be got for money, as the father in the expansion of port would tell you, and if the soil on which the education fell was good, it must be uncommonly hard to return to the bondage of a narrow and vulgar home circle. The father keeps them generously supplied with pocket-money, and cannot imagine the mind which a handsome quarterly cheque paid punctually, and without reduction for income-tax, will not fill with perennial satisfaction. The mother sagely discourses as if their world of ideas and habits and prospects were exactly co-extensive with her own, and they listen with dutiful attention. Sometimes perhaps they venture to air their little stock of mental novelties before their elders, but they soon find that it is as inexpedient as ever to attempt to pour new wine into old bottles. These conditions unite to fill the feminine breast with all sorts of vague aims. Girls so placed cannot be called discontented or ungrateful, but they find an unconscious relief in thinking of a future whose only clearly distinguishable feature is its total difference from the present. And, though vague, they have always some element in their picture that is meant to be practical. The imaginary career always points to some rational end. They resolve either to do good, or to earn fame, or to fight their way to some higher social position. This is vague and hazy enough, and very probably may come to nothing, but it is easy to understand in a general way what it means. The English young lady, in spite of all the silliness which is often rather unfairly ascribed to her, would never fall into the follies which abound among the women of the United States. She may not be quite sure what it is she wants, but she never pants to "throw her soul into the arms of the Infinite." Provided the habit of dreaming be regulated by ordinary sense, it would be hard to grudge any solace it may bring to the lethargy of unfortunate spinsters who require some relief from the dullness of actual life.

Unluckily, the practice of filling in the future with uncertain objects is not always confined to young ladies with

education and incomes, and nothing to do with either. Young men with extremely little education, and even less incomes, are often just as much addicted to letting their imagination roam pleasantly through hazy and untried regions, and not even the necessities of life succeed in thoroughly awakening them. There are generally one or two men of this description at either of the Universities at any given time. They come up from some lower form at school with a conviction that they have a genius whose delicacy and freshness would be destroyed by being confined, even for a couple of years, within the narrow groove of university reading. Its bloom would fade away as soon as it ceased to be untutored. Perhaps they have persuaded a few adoring female relatives and one or two weak-minded undergraduate friends to agree with them, and, supported by this select and faithful band, they feel justified in nursing their tender fancies by the most complete and unbroken repose. Nobody has the smallest idea to what use these powers are to be put when they are ripe enough to display themselves without risk of injury, or could even tell with accuracy what evidence there is of their existence at all. At length the genius is brought face to face with the necessity of making a livelihood, and the same objections which prevented him from reading at college serve to exclude all ordinary callings. The Church is too confined; the bar is too hard and dry; physics is too commonplace; trade is too coarse; and the whole farce commonly ends in the dignity of usher at an inferior school.

The truth is, that vague aims are only safe when they are subsidiary to aims that are well defined and are being vigorously pursued. They are a luxury which ought only to be indulged in either by young ladies who have nothing better to interest them, or else by men who get through plenty of hard work every day. Nobody who has been reading and writing for ten or twelve hours is in much danger of becoming mentally enervated because, in musing over the after-dinner cup, he allows himself to view his future "through a vinous mist."

This earth is rich in man and maid;
With fair horizons bound;
This whole wide earth of light and shade
Comes out, a perfect round.
High over roaring Temple-bar,
And set in Heaven's third story,
He looks at all things as they are,
But thro' a kind of glory.

The work of the morrow will not appear a whit duller or more irksome for being in strong contrast with these airy visions. The miser is urged on to fresh grubbing and pinching by every dream of untold heaps, and a man need not slacken at the work in hand merely because he fancies that he will do any number of fine things at some future day. The notion of writing a novel, for example, is a favourite dream with many wealthy and industrious persons. They have a little difficulty about the plot, but they know exactly whom of their friends they are going to introduce, and have thought of many admirable and striking reflections as subjects for occasional digressions. Entertaining a dim project of this sort does not, make anybody at all more keenly susceptible to the fretting of his everyday harness. The prospect that he will one day be covered with glory actually makes the collar sit easier for the present, and the vagueness of the design is its prime merit. As soon as a plan ceases to be vague, the difficulties belonging to its execution immediately stand out with distressing clearness and force. It is no longer calculated to furnish a pleasant relief from the hard distinctness that marks the objects of practical life. The moment you sit down to write the first chapter of the novel which is to make the world ring with your fame, it is astounding what a cloud comes over your fancy, and how that which was once the most delightful object of contemplation in your leisure moments is now your most relentless bugbear. The wise man will always have an ample stock of clear practical ends in view, as well as a pet supply of vague and unfixed aims, which, if he be truly wise, he will be in no haste to reduce to practical conditions.

CHURCH RESTORATION AND DESTRUCTION.

IN the dull season of the year, everybody who has a grievance may carry it at once before the tribunal of the *Times*. Be it bees or wasps or racehorses or Legacy Duties, or iron-clad ships, just now you may have your say about all of them. And let us add, that any one of these subjects is better worth writing and reading about than the rubbish of "Seven Belgravian Mothers." By the side of all these subjects another has been allowed to claim a place, not quite so prominently—never, we think, being admitted to the honours of large type—nor at quite such great length, but still with unusual frequency and with a good deal of earnestness. This is no other than the old question of Church restoration and Church destruction. It is one on which it is probable that antiquaries and practical men will never come to a complete agreement, because it ever and anon happens that their respective objects do really clash. But the cases where they really clash, where they are absolutely irreconcilable, where the interests of the present and the associations of the past cannot both be consulted, are very much rarer than people commonly think. A church is primarily built to be used, and when use and antiquity really meet on hostile terms, antiquity must give way to use. But it is very seldom

that they do thus meet as enemies. Local authorities are apt to be pig-headed, architects are apt to wish to save themselves trouble, and it is to their respective vices that antiquities are usually sacrificed, far more commonly than to any practical necessity really calling for the alteration or destruction of ancient work. Not a soul in the diocese of Lincoln will receive an atom more of edification, "church accommodation" will not be increased, the singing will not be more effective, the sermons will not be better preached or better heard, because the Dean and Chapter think proper to destroy all the antiquarian and artistic value of the west front of the Minster. It is what people call "Vandalism," only that name is a great deal too good for the act. We once heard a judge hold forth on the wickedness of arson till he made "stealing seem by comparison almost a virtue. The thief benefits somebody because he benefits himself; the incendiary benefits nobody, he simply destroys for mere spite or for the fun of the thing. The Vandal Genesic, unlike the Gothic conquerors before and after him, did a vast deal of damage to the monuments of Rome; that is to say, he carried off whatever was valuable in his eyes, whatever was good for the enrichment of himself and his army. But he did not destroy for mere mischief's sake; that he left to the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln. Not a soul is any richer or happier because the work of Remigius and Alexander is irretrievably spoiled. No Canon will live in a better furnished house or sit down to a better table; no Canon's son will get a Chapter living any sooner, no Canon's daughter will carry with her a larger dowry, because of the damage which art and history deplore. The thing is done in sheer wantonness and obstinacy; the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln are like the tyrant in the Psalms who boasted himself that he could do mischief. They are old offenders; they have been warned over and over again; voices have been raised against them in the diocese and out of the diocese, and they still go on in their own wicked way. Something might have been gained if either of the two late vacancies of the Deanery had brought in some one who understood and appreciated the building; but as the last vacancy has issued in the appointment of a member of the existing Chapter, there seems but little hope from that quarter. In short, lovers of art and antiquity had begun to look on the flaying alive of St. Hugh's Minster as something which would take place, let them do or say what they will; it seemed better to hold one's peace about it, when to stop the Dean and Chapter in their doings seemed as vain an attempt as to try to bring St. Hugh himself back to teach them better. Some people, however, are either more hopeful or have heard less about it before. So two of them, Mr. Edward Godwin and Mr. John C. Jackson, write off their complaints to the *Times* in letters which do them great credit, and which have the merit of giving us the last news from poor old "Nicole."

Mr. Jackson's complaint is as follows:—

Sir,—I have just returned from a visit to Lincoln Cathedral, and entreat you to do your best to stay the ravages that the ignorance of those employed on that most glorious building are inflicting upon it. We are fond of talking about the vandalism of Continental church restorers, when in many cases we are really far worse ourselves. The French do preserve the specimens taken out of their old buildings, but at Lincoln, if a carved stone has suffered at all from age, it is actually chipped away bit by bit, or, if it be large, is taken out and thrown away. I know several persons who have considerable collections of fragments which they have been allowed to carry off from the cathedral—one king, for example, in fair preservation, stands in a friend's garden. In the restoration of this cathedral no architect is employed. Fortunately, the Lincoln stone is so extremely good that the decay is less than usual in buildings of so early a date. In some buildings the Lincoln fashion would have been absolute destruction.

It is more necessary that some effort should be made to induce the Dean and Chapter to consider what they are allowing, as they have now come to the early Norman work. As far as the great west door is concerned, I fear that the harm is done, but in the name of all that is interesting in our national art let us try to preserve the fine and very perfect twelfth-century carvings on either side of the west front from being scraped, if they must be cleaned. You might as well carefully polish the old bronzes in the British Museum. If, I say, they must be smartened up, at least let nothing harder than a brush be used, and, though a nose or two may be wanting, let not whole figures be therefore sacrificed.

If the Dean and Chapter cannot see that a mere stonemason's imitation is not so good as an original though somewhat mutilated work of art by the best artists of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, the indignation of the public ought to enlighten them. Your obedient servant,
Hackney, Aug. 17. JOHN C. JACKSON.

Mr. Jackson, encouraged by the appearance of his letter on Lincoln Minster, follows it up by two others, both of them thoroughly sensible, headed respectively "Church Restoration" and "Church Decoration." In the former, he draws out three points in particular—the practice of removing as "old materials" various portions of woodwork and other fittings and decorations, the practice of "restoring" sculpture, and the "wholesale destruction or covering over of the monuments of the dead." Under the "old material" clause it appears that very fine works of art are cleared away, sometimes from sheer stupidity, sometimes because it is thought less trouble to make a thing new than to preserve and repair the old, sometimes because canny contractors know the value of their "old materials" and the quarters where that value will be appreciated. It has been stated in print, but it really sounds incredible, that the whole woodwork of the choir of the magnificent church known as St. Nicholas's Chapel at Lynn has been in this way sold to the South Kensington Museum. If this be the fact, a true mercantile genius has clearly been at work; but the instances which Mr. Jackson himself mentions seem to be cases of mere idleness or stupidity. Mr. Jackson's second count—the "restoration"—the scratching, scraping, flaying-alive, of ancient

sculpture and mouldings, is the great Lincoln abomination, the special inspiration of the devil who looks over that city. In another letter, Mr. Jackson tells us that Cheltenham Church, with its splendid rose window, so rare a feature in England, had been actually doomed to destruction by "a London architect," and only rescued by some intervention from outside, the nature of which is not clearly explained. He then goes on to speak of another case which we will leave him to describe in his own words:—

The church to which I point is that of Heston, Middlesex. The church is interesting in very many ways. The arcade on either side and the chancel arch are beautiful specimens of early English—in fact, quite excellent. A wide arch of the chancel is Norman. There are also other Norman remains about the church, though altered at a later date. The other parts are of various dates, all good. Among other points of interest are a fine old wooden fourteenth century porch, and the original lych gate. Even in counties rich in mediæval antiquities this would be a church of mark. In Middlesex it stands, as I have said above, almost alone. I have the authority of one of the first architects in Europe to say positively that this destruction, if it should unhappily take place, will be utterly without reason. There is no decay, internal or external, that could not easily be remedied. The external decay of the stonework can be readily made good, and if, as is usually the case, there is some decay in the roof, it is an everyday case, and can without difficulty be repaired. I do not say this only from my own knowledge. The building has been carefully overlooked by more than one eminent architect, and they deplore the ignorant demolition which is contemplated.

Heston however has a local champion. A "Member of the Heston Church Restoration Committee" writes to answer the charges brought by Mr. Jackson, whom he affirms to be "wholly ignorant of the doings of the said Restoration Committee":—

Heston Church is a most unseemly jumble of architectural styles of various dates, arising out of the manner in which it has been repaired and added to at different times. The oldest part is the south-east corner, which is believed to be of the eleventh century, and is obviously the nucleus of the building, originally a simple mortuary chapel. It is too much decayed to be utilized in the restoration of the church. If any portion of this small relic be worth preserving, the deposit of some of its fragments in an architectural museum is all that the most omnivorous dilettanteism should desire. The parts against the "ignorant demolition" of which Mr. Jackson chiefly protests—the lych gate, the splendid arcade on either side of Early English, and which, he says, in the plenitude of his enthusiasm are, in fact, quite excellent—are to be religiously preserved. And I may add to these a beautiful lofty cathedral arch at the west end, which probably escaped Mr. Jackson's eye from the fact of its being barbarously divided across the middle by a huge wooden gallery of the Georgian period, intended now to be removed. Nor is a brick of the fine tower to be touched.

Now of the question of fact between Mr. Jackson and the anonymous writer from Heston we can say nothing. A member of the Committee is the best authority for the intentions of that Committee, and if work is to be preserved which Mr. Jackson thought was going to be destroyed, Mr. Jackson will no doubt, like ourselves, be glad to hear of it. But Mr. Jackson's general good sense and the pert ignorance of his opponent stand just where they were. We can just fancy the sort of person, puffed up with small local importance, fully convinced of his own omniscience, and full of contempt for omnivorous dilettanteism. Because the church is of several dates, it is "an unseemly jumble"; so it is apparently to be brought to proper uniformity by destroying its oldest portion. For the Heston champion does not deny that, if the Early English work is to be spared, the Norman work is to be destroyed; indeed he rather crows over its destruction. It cannot be "utilized," whatever that means; Mr. Jackson did not ask for it to be "utilized," but to be left alone. Work of the eleventh century is not quite so common that one can feel quite comfortable at the notion of its being carted away as "old materials." We do not know this particular building at Heston, but we do know that every fragment of the eleventh century is worth study. But in the Heston restorers' eyes the eleventh century was evidently so long ago that to care about its remains amounts to the sin of "omnivorous dilettanteism." And mark his lucid description of the building of which he is speaking. Mr. Jackson writes as if he could give a scientific account of Heston Church if he chose, only in a letter of that kind he does not attempt it. His Heston opponent has a theory, and puts it out in what he means to be scientific language. The "south-east corner" of the church "is obviously the nucleus of the building." What part of a church may be meant by the south-east corner, and how a corner can obviously be a nucleus, is rather beyond us. But the describer goes on—"it is obviously the nucleus of the building, originally a simple mortuary chapel." We are not clear whether the whole building or only its corner or nucleus was originally "a simple mortuary chapel." If it is meant that we have here a "mortuary chapel" of the eleventh century, we plead guilty to a degree of "omnivorous dilettanteism" quite strong enough to make us wish to know something more about it. Then we are in a good deal of perplexity as to "the beautiful lofty cathedral arch at the west end." What on earth is a "cathedral arch"? It is almost more puzzling than the corner-nucleus. We charitably guessed that "cathedral" might be a misprint, and tried whether any other word at all like it would make sense. "Central arch" would be less grotesquely absurd than "cathedral arch," but even "central arch" would have no particular meaning. We are told in another paragraph that the Bishop of the "diocese"—all people who write to the *Times* have to submit to the *Times* mis-spelling—has seen and approved. Is he so delighted that he thinks of transporting his *cathedra* from the choir of St. Paul's to the western arch of Heston? We can think of no other way in which the words "cathedral arch" can be clothed with any meaning whatever.

We had written thus far, when two decisive letters on the

Heston matter—another by Mr. Jackson, and one by Mr. G. G. Scott—appeared in the *Times* of Tuesday. After these, if Heston church is made to undergo the proposed martyrdom, "Vandalism" will be a mild word indeed.

The discussion of these matters in the *Times* seems to have aroused one who calls himself "Vigil" to have his shy also at a caputular body. But he is somewhat less lucky than Mr. Godwin and Mr. Jackson. They were discreet, and had their fling at the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln—perfectly safe game. "Vigil," less prudent, goes south, and runs a-muck at a very different body, the Dean and Chapter of Chichester. If Deans and Chapters are not always angels, neither are they always demons, and we may be quite sure that the Lincoln doings are not likely to be copied at Chichester during the reign of the present chief guardian of that church. But Dr. Hook, being a very sensible person, declines to write on subjects of which he is not a perfect master. So he refers his vigilant, or dormitant, assailant to Mr. George Scott, the architect engaged at Chichester, and Mr. Scott's reply is complete, and of course decisive. "Vigil" appeals to the *Times*, to its "ubiquitous pages," "never backward in defending our churches from mutilation or ill-treatment." Very good; what has been done? Has the Dean of Chichester been building himself a sort of papal throne, like the Dean of Bristol? Has he been scraping and nose-piecing, Lincoln-fashion? Has he been pulling down a Guesten Hall, Worcester-fashion? Has he been setting up stone stalls and carrying off canopies, Wells-fashion? Not a bit of it; the "mutilation and ill-treatment" consist in this—that having rebuilt the tower, the Dean and Chapter wish to keep it from falling down again. The notions of some people as to spire-building seem very odd. The Chapter were attacked some time ago because they rebuilt the tower first and did not begin with the spire. For such minds it would seem that Newton's apple fell in vain. The present complaint is just one degree less absurd. It is that "the operation of connecting the new tower with the old masonry is to be commenced" before the spire is rebuilt. The fall of the tower crushed a small portion of each limb of the church; this apparently is now to be made good. Of course, in the common order of things, this must come next, if the tower is to have any chance of standing. The four limbs of the church are in fact four great buttresses to keep the tower up. But "Vigil" wishes the tower to stand with a little mass of ruins all round it till the spire is finished. "Many persons would not have given their names for a subscription had they thought it possible that their money would be spent on the tottering walls of the nave and transepts, before the noble spire had raised its apex to the sky." Bravo for fine writing! Let "Vigil" have all credit for his rhetoric, only let us be allowed to wonder a bit at the odd state of mind which he describes. "There never was anything worthy of much admiration in that edifice but the tower, surmounted by its elegant and lofty spire." Yet "Vigil" knows "several persons whose subscriptions were elicited by their regard for the entire building as a piece of ecclesiastical architecture, and certainly not by the vain idea that there was any want of church accommodation in Chichester." In this last class "Vigil" ranges himself. He admires nothing in the cathedral but its tower and spire; yet his subscription was "elicited"—we should like some details to "transpire" as to the process of "eliciting" subscriptions—by his regard for the entire building. His regard for the entire building is so great that he will spend his money only on the spire, not a farthing on the "tottering walls of the nave and transepts," even though their renovation be a necessary condition for the erection of his favourite spire. Whether it be a "vain idea" that there is any want of "church accommodation in Chichester" we do not at all know, nor can we see what "church accommodation" has to do with the matter. If money was given specially for the spire, it would clearly be a "breach of faith" to spend it on increasing "church accommodation;" but to spend it on joining the tower to the nave and transepts is strictly within the letter of the bond. It would be simply madness to attempt building the spire till that is done.

We will add one tale more. Here is a description of a church needing restoration, which bears no correspondent's name, nor any mark of being copied from any local or other source. It appears in the *Times*, as the genuine composition of the *Times* itself, and may therefore be supposed to express the view on the subject of Church restoration which prevails in Printing House Square:—

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, HORSHAM.—It is not perhaps generally known to the public that the parish church of St. Mary, Horsham, Sussex, is now undergoing restoration and enlargement. Those who have seen it must acknowledge that it is a building of great antiquity, and at the same time it could hardly be denied that its restoration was highly necessary. Scarcely five months ago the question of restoration was first mooted. Now it has become a fact, and the work was actually commenced on Monday, the 8th of August last. Very few of the inhabitants consented without some reluctance to have the venerable and ancient building in which their forefathers prayed, and which is the most interesting relic of antiquity the town can boast of, touched. Knowing, however, how necessary it was that the church should be restored, and that if such was not done at once it might one day fall down without notice, and thus leave them for a time without a parish church at all, and also being aware that the longer it was delayed the greater would be the expense, their good sense induced them to accede to a proposition which otherwise nature would prompt them to reject. Therefore the restoration and enlargement of the church was ultimately decided on by the parish vestry, and a committee was appointed to carry out the work. The necessary authority having been obtained from the Bishop of the diocese, the work was commenced, and is now in progress under the personal superin-

tendence of the contractor, Mr. Howes, a gentleman of considerable experience in such work. The roof has been removed, as well as the whole of the pews, galleries, and other fittings, the greater portion of which have been disposed of by public auction, only those possessing any especial interest being retained. The monuments and mural tablets have likewise been removed and locked up in the vestry to protect them from injury while operations are going on. A noble archway directly facing the communion table has been discovered, and will, when the church is re-opened, form the principal entrance.

We cannot but admire the discretion displayed in the above account. Here is no committing to theories, no conjectural dates, no guesses about nuclei and mortuary chapels. The church is "a building of great antiquity"—every one must acknowledge that; and every one must acknowledge that this is at least a safe, if not a scientific, way of deciding it. The *Times* is at least not wrong, while its Heston correspondent may be. Whereabouts "the noble archway directly facing the communion table" may be is not very clear, but the *Times* only commits itself to the safe statement that it is a "noble arch"; it does not run off into any theory about a "cathedral arch." We learn too, on the highest of authorities, that "nature"—whether Horsham nature or general human nature, we are not told—forbade the restoration; only "good sense" triumphed over nature and enforced it. We desire to know only three things. First, why was the roof removed, and is it to be replaced by another—a point left as open as Horsham church seems to be just now? Secondly, who were the eccentric people who bought the pews and galleries, and whether they are to be set up anywhere else? And lastly, how comes it that the work is carried on under "the personal superintendence of the contractor"? We do not doubt Mr. Howes' "considerable experience of such work," but we should feel a little more comfortable if we thought that the contractor, with all his experience, was placed somewhat under the control of a competent architect.

DOMESTIC JARS.

VORACIOUS readers of newspapers, who at this dull season of the year wander into the advertisement columns in search of intellectual aliment, may have observed an advertisement with the remarkable title, "Covers for domestic jars." What it may mean is not at first sight obvious. A cover for a jar is an intelligible subject for puffing; though, as covers are usually sold with the jars, it must be an unprofitable article of sale. Purchasing jars and their covers separately is rather like the practice obviously pursued in the police force, of buying hats to fit the head of some abstract policeman, and leaving them to fit the concrete constable as best they may; or the device of some careful and fastidious matrons who often part with their footmen, but, to obviate the expense of frequent renewals of livery, keep an average pair of breeches, which are taken with the place. But assuming the purchase of independent covers for jars of unknown dimensions, what is a "domestic" jar? Is it a jar that never dines at its club, but always stays at home respectfully with its wife and family? Or is it a jar of a servile and menial character—a sort of flunkey jar? But the word "domestic" fares curiously at the hands of advertisers. In the advertisement columns devoted to servants who are in want of places, "housekeepers" are very fond of informing the world, in addition to their other recommendations, that they are "thoroughly domesticated." What a fearful notion of our social state such an announcement must give to any intelligent Hindoo or Japanese who has acquainted himself with the English language, and is studying our manners and customs from the newspapers! What tales he would have to carry back to his countrymen! "The English are a cultivated people; but they have in the middle of their island a race called housekeepers, who run about perfectly wild, and are caught and tamed with difficulty. It is done, however, sometimes, especially with females, though it seems that they have usually passed middle life before they can be described in the language of the country as thoroughly domesticated. When this is the case, the Englishman prizes them very highly, and takes them into his house, to mend his table-cloths and to fill his maidservants with fear." If the Hindoo traveller were to ask us for some other explanation of the mysterious words, we should be wholly unable to give it. But we do not profess to any experience on the subject. It is possible that, as a class, housekeepers bite, though, judging from their demeanour at family prayers, they certainly seem very quiet. If that is the case, of course it is quite right and wise to re-assure intending employers that their fingers and their noses are safe.

But the difficulty of explaining this curious word "domestic" and its derivatives, in a natural sense, inclines us to seek for it some spiritual interpretation. That is a way of dealing with documents, if they should happen to be difficult of understanding, which at the present day is recommended to us on high authority. There are many families which would be all the better for purchasing, in a metaphorical sense, "covers for domestic jars," especially where, as the advertisement goes on to observe, there are "pickles" to be concealed. The wisdom of Napoleon's recommendation, that dirty linen should be washed at home, has been fully recognised in the abstract; but it is one of those maxims that are kept entirely for show. Very few people, when they have domestic jars, are proof against the temptation to uncover them to somebody. Every quarrel generates a certain amount of moral steam—more, by a good deal, than it is safe to let off in the face of the person to whose misdeeds it is owing; and the relief of opening a safety-valve to the accumulated

forces of indignation and injured innocence presents a fascination which only the very strong-minded can resist. Two or three confidantes to each of the performers in a family row must be conceded to human frailty. But this limit is soon exceeded. There is a class of people, generally women, who cannot restrict their passion for uncovering family jars within such narrow limits. A woman of this class exists and grows fat upon the pleasurable sensation of canvassing a good family quarrel in which she is concerned. So far from wishing to conceal it, she undertakes the functions of showman to the curious article; and offers her services to introduce any one she may meet to all its wonders, and is never tired of uncovering its hidden recesses. Those who habitually visit the poor often notice the passion which they have for exhibiting the disease under which they are suffering. They regard it as a personal affront if you will not inspect the wound or abscess which is the chief interest of their own daily lives. Something of the same kind must lie at the bottom of the feelings of the family grievance-monger.

It would be impossible to understand the gratification which some people find in confiding their pitiful story, if it were not for the necessity which almost every one experiences of exciting an interest in somebody else's mind. Those who carry about their family jars uncovered generally have nothing else to show. They have no power of throwing themselves into their neighbours' thoughts; and their own minds are wholly filled by the particular quarrel which is at the time ministering to their own self-importance. It is a primary necessity to the large majority of human beings to think "*quorum pars magna fui*" concerning something or other; and what the particular set of substantives may be with which *quorum* is to agree is a point of subordinate importance. A woman who always entertains her neighbour at dinner by recounting how she has kept her daughter-in-law in order, or how she has resented a deliberate insult offered to her own relations by her husband's first cousin, is really in the same mental condition as the old campaigner who is showing you the position of Hougoumont and the forest of Soignies with walnuts upon the table-cloth. They are each reciting the events of a struggle which commends itself chiefly to their interest by the fact that they themselves took part in it. The only difference between them is that the battle with Napoleon is of a more general interest to listeners than the battle with the daughter-in-law. And nothing can cure the habit but the acquisition of a consciousness of this fact. The mere circumstance that a struggle was ignoble or trivial does not of itself make it an unsuitable subject of conversation. An account, for instance, of the way in which a traveller got rid of the fleas out of his bed in an Italian inn is not an exalted topic; but it may be a very interesting matter to enlarge upon, if the listeners either have been sufferers in Italy under the same trials, or are likely to be so shortly. Mankind are always quarrelling with fleas whenever they are unlucky enough to meet them, but they are not always quarrelling with daughters-in-law. And therefore the description of a victory over daughters-in-law, though won in a more noble contest, is not likely to be so generally interesting as the description of a victory over fleas. People who talk to others of their own family quarrels are generally people who live a great deal by themselves, and, therefore, have an extravagant idea of the space they occupy in the world's field of view. They do not doubt that the eyes of Europe, or at least of London and the suburbs, are fixed upon them, and are watching the great contest with the daughter-in-law, which is slowly drawing out its ponderous length in an interminable correspondence. The thought that weighs upon their minds is, that they must set themselves right with the world. The world ought to know of that important letter upon which the whole merits of the case depend. The world ought not to be left under the impression that the daughter-in-law did this or did not do that; and it is absolutely necessary that the daughter-in-law should not be allowed to go about the world saying that she did say what there is unanswerable evidence that she did not say. Besides, the daughter-in-law's ingratitude is a thing which the world ought to know. The world—that is to say, the accidental next neighbour at dinner—listens to the whole tirade with a stare of civil resignation, and wonders when the neighbour on the other side will take this tiresome woman off his hands.

The hopeless thing is to persuade such people how little the world cares about them or their "domestic jars." They have thought about themselves, and nothing else, for so long, that they cannot imagine that any other subject of meditation is occupying the minds of the rest of the human race. It must be said, however, on their behalf, that they are generally very ready to listen, in their turn, to their neighbour's family quarrel, and to stir it up by such sympathizing remarks as may occur to them at the moment. Probably, they look upon such diplomacy as woman's most natural employment. Without such condiments life would seem to them insipid, and they would as soon think of renouncing domestic jars as they would of renouncing mustard or horseradish. And, after all, their severest critic must admit that, after some years spent in this sort of thing, it would be very difficult to fill up one's time without it. Family quarrels are such a delightful *passetemps*. The happy possessor of one of them has no need to kill time. That enemy is already slain and buried. There are letters to be written and copied, and there are consultations to be held, and there are secrets to be knowingly hinted at and complacently preserved, and there are the plans of the other side to be discovered and counter-plans to be devised—in fact, all the

excitement of politics and war blended into one, without either bloodshed or taxes. For those who have once tasted these forbidden joys it is very difficult to go back to the dull paths of family harmony. The feelings of the family politician, when her quarrels are made up and her occupation is gone, can only be compared to those of an active soldier on the conclusion of peace, or those of two rival electioneering agents on the accomplishment of a coalition. But, in the breast of the general world which has to listen to her endless narratives, the respite (until she breaks out in a fresh place) is as the sighting of port to the weary mariner, or the delicious tranquillity of the streets to the sleepy Londoner, when the organ-man has passed on. Therefore, we wish all success to the advertiser who proposes to furnish all who need them with "covers for domestic jars."

THE SHAKSPEARE COMMEMORATION.

SURELY we have seen the last of it. To talk Shakspeare on a Shakspeare subject—

the times have been
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns.

Twenty! twice twenty times was the Shakspeare Tercentenary celebration done to death. Every art and device of mortal man combined to produce the terrible and ignominious *fiasco* of this unlucky scheme. The two Committees which quarrelled about the honour of inventing what was destined from the first to fail; the Secretaries who quarrelled with the Committee, and the Committee which disavowed the Secretaries, and then disavowed and dissolved itself; the somebody who affronted the late Mr. Thackeray, and the somebody who affronted Mr. Phelps, and the somebody who affronted Mr. Fechter, and the somebody who affronted Mr. Bellew, and Mr. Bellew who affronted everybody; the Memorial Committee which passed a solemn vote, "Agreed unanimously that we receive 30,000*l.*, to be furnished by public subscription"; and the public who never would subscribe thirty thousand shillings—the whole thing runs into a parody. This is the statue that the Committee did not set up; this is the actor that worried the Committee; this is the person that riled the actor that worried the Committee, &c. &c. *ad infinitum*—an infinite series of blunders, breakdowns, quarrels, vanities, absurdities, extravagances. We thought that we had done with it. But it reappears. Even the dinner at Stratford, at which Lord Carlisle presided, was not the last of it—the dinner which was so bad that the excellent Viceroy has never recovered from it. Nor was the Primrose Hill oak-planting the last of it, at which the Shakspeare worshippers and the Garibaldi worshippers, after the fashion of rival religionists, got to loggerheads. *Eccce iterum* Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who promised that the minutes of the Shakspeare Memorial Committee should be deposited in the British Museum, but who will now be called upon, we fear, to deposit them in Basinghall Street. At any rate, the Stratford Shakspearian Tercentenary Commemoration Committee is in a hopeless state of insolvency. Whether the two Committees—the London Committee and the Stratford Committee—ever coalesced, we are not quite sure. Nor are we certain whether any Rump of the London Memorial Committee survives to be roasted yet once more. We remember only that secession after secession took place. We have an indistinct recollection that the Monumental Committee fell to pieces after a literary gentleman, without consulting the whole body, drew up the famous programme of a "monument embracing a statue" in "the style of the poet's period." Nor can we call to mind that the Memorial Committee, if it still exists, has ever presented a report, or told us how much of the 30,000*l.* which it passed a resolution to receive has been received. Indeed, as we are not aware whether the London Committee is alive or dead, hibernating or aestivating, asleep or awake or on a journey, we desire to say nothing about it. It is only to be hoped that, when its day of account comes, the London Committee may present a better balance-sheet than its Stratford brethren, or rivals.

It may, perhaps, be remembered—with that ugly effort which it requires to recall all disagreeable things—that the Stratford Festival, which, after all, was only got up by the mayor and shopkeepers to attract visitors, took place on "the poet's birthday" (real or supposed), the 23rd of April. It consisted of a series of plays, at which the prices ranged higher than the artists; of a music meeting which had absolutely nothing to do with Shakspeare; of two sermons delivered by two Bishops; of a dinner and ball; and of a procession got up by an itinerant circus man. Of these various performances the sermons and the procession were the best of the show—the sermons, because they cost nothing; and the procession, because the Committee had nothing to do with it. As far as we can make out the Stratford declaration of insolvency, subscriptions from the general public were received as follows:—for the Festival, 1,567*l.* 1*s.*; for the Stratford School Shakspeare Scholarship, 260*l.*; and for the Memorial, 471*l.*; making a total of 2,298*l.* But, in raising this sum of less than 2,300*l.*, as much as 1,839*l.* was spent in expenses. The public donations to the Festival and to the two subsidiary objects, the Scholarship and the Monument, were therefore debited with these expenses of collection in the proportion of, 1. Festival, 1,254*l.*; 2. Scholarship, 208*l.*; 3. Monument, 377*l.*; carrying forward a balance of—(1). 313*l.* to Festival; (2). 51*l.* to Scholarship; (3). 93*l.* to Monument.

This is the first division of the balance-sheet, and it shows a profit—such as it is. To raise less than 2,300*l.* the Committee spent 3,839*l.* How was it spent? In two great items—office expenses and secretary, 300*l.*, and printing and advertising, 1,400*l.*; a significant commentary on the interest felt by the public in a scheme which, after more than eighteen hundred pounds' worth of announcement, only paid its expenses and gained 459*l.* by the transaction.

But the balance-sheet of the local income and expenditure on the Stratford Festival, after it was set going with only 313*l.* of general aid, presents a terrible result. The total receipts from all sources upon all the Stratford entertainments amount to 5,356*l.* But the total expenses under all heads amount to 8,664*l.*, so that the total balance against the grand "Tercentenary Stratford Festival" reaches the very awkward figure of 3,308*l.* There are certain subscriptions to the school and monument unpaid—namely, 244*l.* promised to the first, and 852*l.* to the second object. So that the Stratford Festival will, if the subscribers cash up, result in a profit of less than 300*l.* for the Scholarship, and less than 950*l.* for the Monument, and an absolute loss to the Committee of 3,300*l.* Of course, the London Memorial Committee will in due time announce that they have received the trifling balance of 29,050*l.* which is at present wanting to make up that 30,000*l.* which they announced themselves ready to receive. What is to be done? How is Stratford to pass the cost? Will Mr. Mayor have to sell his chain, or will the Corporation have to sell Shakspeare's own bust and monument? Will Mr. Halliwell have to mortgage New Place again, or can the sacred sites be turned into available assets? We tremble for the consequences to the Shakspeare worshippers. Stratford has so long lived upon Shakspeariana, and has hitherto found the *cultus* so profitable, that, now that there is a great debt against the Shakspeare shrines, there is nothing for it but to mortgage the pilgrimage. It is almost a pity that there is no mulberry tree to cut down and sell. But creditors press, and there is absolutely no security to offer except the contingent tolls which, perhaps, an Act of Parliament may impose for all future visitors to Shottery, Wilmore, and the other Holy Places of Warwickshire.

There is of course a remedy, which we fear is the only one feasible—namely, that the Stratford Committee should pay, as they will certainly have to do, this 3,000*l.* out of their own pockets. They wished to become very great men on the strength of their patronage of Shakspeare, and they miscalculated the force, not of the national reverence for Shakspeare, but of the national confidence in themselves as the representatives of that reverence. For their ambition they will have to pay, as also for gross mismanagement of matters of business. We do not blame all the members of the Stratford Committee. Many of them were doubtless actuated by a sincere love and admiration of Shakspeare; but they allowed themselves to fall into bad hands. They plagued themselves with theatrical jealousies and literary jealousies; they became parties to factions. They quarrelled with the London Committee, or allowed themselves to be quarrelled with by that body. They adopted Mr. Bellevue's inspirations hastily, and then disowned them clumsily. And when they might have seen that, for some reason or other, they had failed to attract public confidence, they adopted the gamester's tactics. They went in for large winnings or large losings. They spread the widest of nets on the chance of a full haul. The luck of the table was against them. When they saw that the tickets did not go off well, they only increased their attractions, such as they were. Having alienated Mr. Phelps for the sake of Mr. Fechter, they contrived to disgust Mr. Fechter, and then, regardless of expense, let off balloons and fireworks, and tried the attractions of a sumptuous dinner. But even Archbishop Trench and Lord Carlisle, and a bill of fare set out in Shakspeare's own language, failed to draw; and under almost every head the expenditure exceeded the receipts. The pavilion, which was contracted for at 1,300*l.*, cost that sum, and more than 2,000*l.* additional in the way of extras; and what with its decorations, its furniture, and its gas-fittings, the total cost of this temporary shed reached more than 4,700*l.*, very nearly as much as the whole receipts of the Festival from every source. Then the artists, musical and dramatic, who gave their services gratuitously to the honour and glory of Shakspeare, somehow or other cost more than 1,500*l.*; and as we find some 740*l.* set down for "refreshment for performers," dinner, and ball, we are certain that Hamlet's injunction to see "the players well bestowed" was literally carried out by the liberal Stratford Committee. In some other particulars, serious miscalculations have produced serious deficits. The exhibition of Shakspearian pictures, for example, cost 350*l.* and only brought in 181*l.* To be sure, in this and some other items, the Committee lay the flattering unction to their souls that these losses may be subject to some correction and reduction; but, on the whole, it is plain they did not cut their coat according to their cloth. The state of the Preliminary Expenses Fund should have operated as a warning. They had already spent more than 1,800*l.* in getting less than 2,300*l.* They began their special local festival with little more than 300*l.*, representing the whole of the national enthusiasm in the Stratford celebration. This 300*l.* should have been their standard measure; instead of which, they made preparations, erected buildings, and hired performers as though half England had been coming down to Warwickshire. For this mistake the Committee will have to pay so heavily that we have not the heart to add to the misery of long bills and longer faces.

The whole thing is the more disheartening and humiliating because the original purpose of erecting a Shakspeare monument was not only right in itself, but feasible. Had the thing, in the simple shape of a monument and nothing else, been taken up by the right people in the right way, it must have been a success. But what was to be expected from self-appointed Secretaries and Committees, who began their work by proclaiming a general Shakspearian holiday, and proposing to hire Westminster Hall for a Shakspearian *soirée*; and who, if they dreamed, were foolish enough to tell their dreams about Shakspeare prize poems and Shakspeare orations; and who demonstrated their reverence for Shakspeare by personal vanity and petty squabbles among themselves? Even now there are fanatics who are not deterred by this succession of unlucky failures from venturing on fresh experiments. We find that another committee, of which the chief notables are Mr. Phelps, and Mr. George Cruikshank, and the enterprising gentlemen who planted the Shakspeare oak on Primrose Hill, are bent upon getting up a British Workman's Shakspeare Penny Memorial. They propose to raise 2,400*l.*—namely, 1,200*l.* for a statue, and 1,200*l.* more for an appropriate shrine of glass and iron; and this they intend to do by "setting on foot a house-to-house visitation, and for every penny subscribed a separate Shakspeare head will be given." To mention so foolish a scheme is only to warn people against it. To gather this 2,400*l.* as much more must be spent in collecting it; and though we have not the slightest notion of what is meant by the "Shakspeare head" to be given in exchange for the penny of the British workman, and therefore cannot pronounce on the value of this *tesseva*, we are quite sure that this is all that the donors will see for their pennies. We hear a good deal of the British workman—of his intelligence, enthusiasm, prudence, literature, and all sorts of virtues. But if 576,000 British workmen can be found to give each his penny to a scheme like this, then the British workman's credulity is equal to what is at present the most surprising thing in the world—Mr. Cruikshank's appeal to that credulity.

THE CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

IN the days of unbridled patronage, when no Civil Service Commissioners existed to vex the souls of clerks, an idiot is said to have been appointed to a post in one of the great public offices. The head of his department strove hard to turn him to account, employing all the means which a lifelong acquaintance with mitigated specimens of his class could suggest. But all his efforts proved fruitless, and the evidence he gave on the subject before a Parliamentary Committee breathes the accents of utter despair. The idiot having once been forced upon him, he was unable to rid himself of the incubus, having no power to annul an appointment which brought disgrace on his office and discredit on the whole public service. Such a disaster, we have often been assured, can never befall a Government office in these more favoured days. The Civil Service Commission, we are told, acts as a sieve to intercept and reject the grosser forms of incapacity and ignorance, such as might otherwise be shovelled into employment by careless or unconscientious dispensers of Ministerial patronage. The candidates who are fortunate enough to meet with its approval may be received without a shadow of distrust. The Dean's Yard at Westminster now debars the race of idiots from the land of official milk and honey, and those innocent but incapable beings will be obliged to confine themselves to the realms of poetry and religious controversy for which they have always evinced a marked predilection. The places which they might have filled in olden days are now occupied by certified scholars; knowledge and wisdom permeate the whole public service; and a happy time may confidently be expected when even the lowest forms of official life will glow with intellectual warmth. Such is the dazzling picture held up by the Commissioners before our admiring eyes. Unfortunately, it has a reverse, and that a gloomy one. There are not wanting enemies of the Examination scheme, who profanely scoff at its pretensions to credit. They are perverse enough to declare that a candidate for office may delight his examiners, and yet be capable of distracting his superiors; that he may win golden opinions at Westminster, but bring down curses on his head at Whitehall; that he may be regarded as an inestimable treasure in the Dean's Yard, but may prove an intolerable nuisance in Somerset House; and that he may be really acquainted with all manner of useless arts and sciences, and yet be unable or unwilling to do the routine work for which his assistance is required. We are not called upon at present to decide between the contending parties, but it may be worth while to consider a dispute which has lately arisen in which they are equally interested. Its subject is a gentleman who had been stamped with the approval of the Civil Service Commissioners, but who has failed to gain that of the office in which he afterwards occupied a post, and whose friends now appeal to the public, representing him as a persecuted man and a martyr in the cause of examinations.

Mr. F. W. Gemmer was appointed a few months ago to the situation of Assistant in the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum. He passed the necessary examination in "writing from dictation, elementary arithmetic, the literary and political history of England, Greece, and Rome, Latin translation, and French translation, being the subjects in this case prescribed by the chief authorities of the department." His examiners stated that they had ascertained that he possessed "the requisite know-

ledge and ability for the proper discharge of his official duties," and they also testified that he showed a "fair knowledge of arithmetic, including vulgar and decimal fractions," and "fair proficiency" in "algebra, including quadratic equations," as well as in French composition, French conversation, and German translation. Armed with such certificates, he naturally expected to be welcomed at the Museum with open arms, and, amongst colleagues whom he describes in a pamphlet which he has addressed to the Trustees as men "distinguished for pure literary attainments of the highest order," to be allowed "to emulate their example, and join to popularity, by continued and well-directed study, the intellectual honours which they one and all enjoy." Unfortunately for the realization of his day-dream, he failed to give satisfaction to the officer in charge of his department. Without the slightest provocation, according to Mr. Gemmer, Sir Frederick Madden accused him of gross ignorance, and virtually compelled him to resign his situation on account of that alleged disqualification. Mr. Gemmer contends that he could not possibly have been ignorant of Latin or of French, for the Civil Service Commissioners had warranted his knowledge of those languages; and his opinion is endorsed by a daily contemporary, who says, in a leading article which appeared on the 31st of August—"Mr. Gemmer went into the Museum, so to speak, with a charter in his hand, which was trampled upon by the Head Keeper of Manuscripts." Mr. Gemmer further complains that he was objected to because he was unacquainted with subjects which were not even mentioned by the Trustees to the Commissioners. On the other hand, in a pamphlet which has been drawn up for the information of the Trustees, it is distinctly stated that Mr. Gemmer was requested to resign because his ignorance of Latin and of French rendered it impossible for him to do anything but impede the work of the department; and a number of specimens are given of the translations and transcriptions which he made while he was employed there. They are amusing and not uninteresting. According to our contemporary, they can lead to nothing more than "an impeachment of his Latinity in the most trivial and puerile particulars." At all events they will assist us in determining what is the idea formed by the Civil Service Commissioners of "fair proficiency" in French, and of a "requisite knowledge" of Latin. As to Mr. Gemmer's complaints that he was the victim of "a most violent enmity," and that he has been—to use the spirited language of his champion—"crushed by the arbitrary ukase of a conceited functionary," after having submitted to "his memory and intelligence being manipulated, so to speak, with merciless severity by the intellectual inquisitors of Dean's Yard," we may fairly set them aside as the not unnatural results of disappointment and of anger. The real question at issue between him and his chief is—was he capable of translating French and Latin correctly? If he was not, he could scarcely expect to be retained and educated at the public expense, however good might be the certificates with which the Civil Service Commissioners had provided him. The authorities at the Museum consider that Mr. Gemmer's acquirements may be fairly tested by the work he produced, and their opinion seems to be by no means unreasonable. Here are a few extracts from the not unamusing little Anthology which they edit, sufficient to show that, if Mr. Gemmer was not profoundly versed in the languages with which he claimed acquaintance, he could at least boast of ingenuity and imagination.

One of the manuscripts on which Mr. Gemmer was employed was a letter from St. Jerome to Desiderius, commencing with the words, "Incipit prefatio ieronimi presbyteri ad desiderium episcopum," and ending as follows:—"Nunc te deprecor, desiderii karissime, ut quia tantum opus me subire fecisti, et a genesi exordium capere, orationibus juves, quo possim eodem spiritu quo scripti sunt libri, in latinum eos transferre sermonem." Mr. Gemmer's translation of the concluding sentence is—

Now I treat thee, dearest desire [or brother] that since the work you have made me undergo is so great, to take the commencement from Genesis, thou shalt live by discourses; and by the Spirit by which I am enabled by the same Spirit by which the books were written, to render them into the Latin tongue.

Certainly, in this case, the interpreter is the harder of the two to understand. In another manuscript, the author of an account of the Asp, after remarking that it is possible to render that reptile innocuous by incantation, proceeds to say—"Sed naturaliter cauta est contra incantationem, nam aurem terro affigit, alteram cauda obturat." Having turned *sed* in his transcript into *si* and lengthened *nam* into *nasonem*, Mr. Gemmer thus explains the passage with unsuspecting simplicity:—"If it has been caught in its wild state, it plants its nose and ear in the earth, and stops up the other ear with its tail." He has always been, he tells us, an ardent student of comparative philology, and in this case he has evidently been led astray, as is too often the custom among philologists, by a false analogy. Contrasted with these specimens of eccentricity, such little freaks as explaining "Cum olim Princeps meus Ferrarise Dux in Angliam se contulisset, et Majestatem vestram reverenter adiasset," to mean "His Prince at Ferrara too had once, as General in England, reverently waited upon his Majesty," appear commonplace, and we may as well turn from the Latin to the French part of the collection. A M. de Montesat, writing to a friend at Amsterdam, at a time when a pestilence prevailed in that city, fears that it will spread during the dog-days—"que le mal se communiquera dans ces jours caniculaires par toutes ces villes." According to the translator, "He expresses his fears thereat, lest by means of the

canals the contagion should spread." The writer proceeds to warn his correspondent to use precautions for disinfecting suspected letters by passing them at the end of a cane through smoke:—"Je vous supplie de les faire passer . . . au travers d'une cane sur la fumée." Mr. Gemmer's translation is, "He begs his correspondent to pass to him . . . any letters for him, . . . such letters being sent open and passed through a cane." In another part of the letter it is mentioned that some money brought from Zealand for one of the bankers of the town had to be disinfected—"et l'argent qu'ils apportet [sic] pour un de nos banquiers a esté mis dans un chauderon." This is translated, "Their money was taken to a banker to be placed in a cauldron." In another letter, relating principally to the coast-guard service, the writer states that the inhabitants of a certain district plead exemption from the maintenance of troops, in consideration of their services in guarding the coast, "quoyque de tout temps elles en ayent esté exemptes en consideration de l'obligation où elles sont de garder les costes." The explanation given by Mr. Gemmer is that "they have been held exempt in consideration of the obligation the Garde d'Escorte owes to them." In concluding his letter, the writer thanks his brother, to whom it is addressed, for his kindness, of which he assures him no one can be more sensible than himself—"que l'on ne peut estre plus sensible que je le suis"—a remark which, according to our translator, who evidently reads *newer* for *no* *peut*, means "that his nephew is more sensible than he is."

To take notice of such mistakes is, in the opinion of his friendly critic, to descend to "trivial and puerile particulars," but they seem to furnish a reply to the question at issue between Mr. Gemmer and the officer who contested his claim to proficiency in French and Latin. They may be consistent with "fair proficiency" in the opinion of the Civil Service Commissioners, but in that case those gentlemen must attach a different meaning to the words from that which they usually convey. Perhaps, indeed, it may have been their good nature which prompted their verdict, and not their deliberate judgment. Or they may have considered that, for all ordinary intents and purposes, for the accounts of Somerset House for instance, or the correspondence of the Post Office, Mr. Gemmer was provided with a sufficient stock of Latinity. The error lay in certifying that a candidate who was doubtless qualified for average work (and for whom we sincerely trust that his merits may speedily obtain some congenial and comfortable situation) was thoroughly competent to perform work of more than ordinary difficulty. Such a post as that which Mr. Gemmer has unwillingly vacated ought to be filled by a scholar about the fairness of whose proficiency there can be no dispute, and who has a decided taste for the work on which he is to be employed. An inferior man can, it is true, be educated, or at least dragged up, into respectable mediocrity, by the united efforts of his colleagues; but the process is a slow and a costly one, and is not likely to gain favour in the eyes of hard-worked heads of busy departments. They will naturally prefer receiving their assistants ready-made, to having to hammer them out painfully for themselves from slowly-yielding blocks; and they may not unfairly claim the right of rejecting material which is manifestly unfit for their purposes, even if it be labelled with the most flattering certificates from the most highly qualified examiners. If they are to be compelled to put up with all the pretentious ignorance and conceited folly which can contrive to pass the barriers of the Dean's Yard—under pain, in case of resistance, of incurring the wrath of astounded Commissioners, and the abuse of indignant journalists—they will be unable to realize the superiority of the present system over that of the olden time. They may have got rid of the passive idiot of former days, but they will have to deal with active scions of his family, as useless and as unreasonable as he, although, perhaps, capable of grappling with Vulgar and Decimal Fractions, and even of fathoming the profound mysteries which are involved in a Quadratic Equation.

BREECH-LOADING MUSKETS.

PRECIPITANCY in reform is about the last weakness which the rulers of the British army can be charged. The old routine, which made the army an aggregate of splendid regiments rather than an organized force, was left untouched until the Crimean campaign forced the War Office to remedy evils which led to the brink of disaster. The substitution of guns that would shoot for the singular weapon which our soldiers used to carry was delayed until, at length, Lord Hardinge had the wisdom and the courage to set at nought the prejudices in favour of an arm with which no man could be expected to hit an enemy except by chance. The most important question of armament at the present day has been shelved in the same way until quite recently, in deference to military doubts which a little experience will probably dissipate as completely as it scattered the objections to the Enfield rifle. There were once abundant reasons forthcoming why soldiers should be allowed nothing better than Brown Bess. Rifles, it was said, were far too delicate to be entrusted to the rough hands of a common soldier, and old officers saw no absurdity in the argument that, if their men once learned to shoot, they would be less inclined to trust to the cold steel with which British victories had formerly been won. The test of actual war soon swept away these absurdities, and the first demand of every regiment that was ordered to the Crimea was that the old muskets should be exchanged for Enfield rifles.

Objections very much of the same character have been solemnly urged against the proposal to introduce a breech-loading arm into the service, and complaints have not been wanting that the War Office, in learning wisdom from the sad experience of the Danes, has been precipitately acting on the mere opinion of a newspaper correspondent. It would be much more just to complain of the stolid negligence which so long postponed a decision on the subject. It did not need the teaching of the Schleswig campaign to prove the superiority in many respects of breech-loading muskets; and the really amazing thing is that the Committee which recently reported in favour of breech-loaders should not have been appointed twenty years ago. Probably there will be many military men ready to shake their heads and utter solemn regrets for the good old Enfield, just as they did before for the good old Brown Bess; and though Lord De Grey is not likely to be deterred by idle forebodings, the immense value of his proposed improvement in the infantry arm will perhaps not be fully acknowledged until a war of our own has confirmed the lessons which have come to us at once from Denmark and from America. The doubt often expressed, whether British soldiers are fit to handle a weapon of such supposed delicacy as a breech-loader, will assuredly vanish, as a similar notion with respect to the Enfield has long since done. It is very questionable whether a breech-loading gun need be at all more delicate or more liable to derangement than one loaded at the muzzle, and it is not pretended that Prussian soldiers, who are armed with a weapon by no means the simplest of its class, are in the habit of rendering their rifles useless before going into action. Men who can be drilled into making faultless machinery of themselves can be equally well taught to do justice to the best rifle which can be put into their hands; and if breech-loaders are really as superior to muzzle-loading rifles as they claim to be, there is no need to fear that an English soldier will be less capable of taking care of them than a Prussian. A much more serious and more common objection, founded on the same depreciatory estimate of the rank and file of our army, is that any increased facilities for rapid firing will tempt them to throw away their fire before it is required, and leave themselves helpless for want of ammunition when the real pinch comes. This is an objection very much urged by men who have had practical experience of war, and it can easily be imagined that in every action a vast amount of ammunition is thrown away by reckless and aimless firing. But who ever heard of combating this tendency by teaching soldiers to load slowly? So far is this from being done, that it is a regular part of the drill of every soldier to load with the utmost precision and rapidity which is attainable with the regulation arm. It would be a singular coincidence if the maximum speed of loading of which the Enfield admits should be precisely that which suffices to give the greatest possible efficiency to our troops; and, when a still more rapid method is proposed, it would be strange to deprive a steady soldier of the benefit because a reckless comrade might neutralise the advantage by firing before there was any enemy to shoot. Until, therefore, it is explained why the precise amount of rapidity obtained at present happens to be exactly that which is most desirable, it is difficult to resist the common sense conclusions that the power of rapid firing, by which battles are now mainly decided, should not be limited by mechanical defects purposely introduced into the soldiers' arm; though the use of that power ought, of course, to be regulated by the same force of discipline which is found sufficient to secure the steadiness of the ranks in the face of the greatest dangers.

Even if rapidity of fire were a less unmixed advantage than the War Office Committee seem to have considered it, the essential superiority of a breech-loading arm would remain the same. The important trials at the last Wimbledon meeting proved, to the astonishment of everybody, that a muzzle-loader, in very skilful hands, may be made to shoot almost as many rounds in a minute as are ordinarily got out of a breech-loader. But, besides that that contest turned very much upon personal skill, the breech-loader, even if it showed no gain on the score of rapidity, would be incomparably superior to the best muzzle-loading arm. The one thing which our soldiers are taught to regard as the most important part of their duty as skirmishers is to take advantage of every covert which can protect them from danger while attacking an enemy. Except under very favourable circumstances, it is impossible to regard this injunction so long as muzzle-loaders are used. A soldier can seldom load his Enfield without exposing himself to the fire of an enemy. A breech-loader, on the contrary, which can be loaded in a horizontal position, may be fired all day, in perfect safety, by a rifleman quietly lying down under the protection of a heap of earth a foot high. Putting wholly out of the question the advantages of rapidity, we may be quite sure that a line of skirmishers who cannot be hit will gain an easy victory over adversaries who are liable to be shot down between every two rounds. This is an element of superiority in the breech-loader which no demonstration of the mischief of reckless firing can ever touch, and to us it seems quite conclusive on the subject.

It has fortunately happened that Lord De Grey's invitation to the gunmakers, to send in their plans for converting the regulation arm into a breech-loader, was almost immediately followed by the publication of a letter, in which an Englishman in the service of the Confederate States details his experience of the new weapons in actual warfare. The fact that the Confederates, as fast as they captured rifles on the field, converted them into breech-loaders, should outweigh all the ima-

ginary objections which old prejudices can suggest. The opinion of the Confederate Englishman that the 60th Rifles, if armed with breech-loaders, could destroy the brigade of Guards in fifteen minutes, may be taken for what it is worth; but he appeals to his own experience when he dwells on the enormous preponderance given by the use of this arm, both to skirmishers in keeping a superior force at bay, and in the defence of contracted posts, where the extent of fire is limited by the narrowness of the available front. Few will dispute his maxim, that battles are decided, not by heavy and massive regiments, but by a rapid and continuous storm of shot; and if that be so, it is impossible to escape his conclusion, that the breech-loader is not only superior to the muzzle-loader for the requirements of general warfare, but absolutely necessary for troops acting as light infantry.

The only difficulty lies in the choice of a good pattern. We have no account of the exact method by which the Confederates have converted their rifles, but we may be sure it is simple and inexpensive; and if the commendations bestowed upon it, as free from every practical objection, are deserved, it may come near to what is wanted. Among the numerous plans hitherto tried in England, none has yet established itself as clearly the best for military purposes. The fowling-piece problem has pretty well solved itself, but the military conditions—horizontal loading and perfect security for cartridges in store—may require some fresh modifications. Of the breech-loading rifles in common use, some have the defect of loading in a chamber instead of in the barrel itself, and very few are as free as they should be from the risk of missing fire. Lord De Grey's circular to the gun-makers will no doubt call forth abundant ingenuity in perfecting a soldier's breech-loader, which will prove at least as effective as the Prussian needle-gun or the Confederate rifle. But considering the enormous stock of rifles which will need to be converted, it is to be hoped that the preliminary trials will be sufficiently extended to insure the selection of the most perfect pattern. When the whole army shall be supplied with such a weapon, it is not too much to say that its power will be instantly doubled.

REVIEWS.

BENTHAM'S THEORY OF LEGISLATION.*

MR. HILDRETH'S translation of Dumont's translation of Bentham's great work is satisfactory as a proof of the interest which the work itself still excites. Mr. Mill has observed that Coleridge and Bentham represent, in this country and in the present generation, the two lines of thought between which speculation continually oscillates, and that, in order to understand fully the course of opinion for the last fifty years, it would be necessary to reach a point of view from which the principles of each could be contemplated in an easy and natural manner. We should doubt whether this remark did not attach too much importance to Coleridge, and whether it was not rather for want of a more conspicuous writer on that side than on account of his inherent power, that Mr. Mill attached so much importance to his writings. In one qualification of a great writer he certainly failed. He left behind him no one great book, and his disciples are compelled to elicit his doctrines, by laborious examinations and comparisons, from a vast mass of *disjecta membra*, instead of being able to point to any single work as a standard exposition of his characteristic views. The same observation applies, to some extent, to Bentham. Many, if not most, of his books are more or less fragmentary and unfinished, for he was both laborious and idle. He seems to have delighted in pondering over a subject, and laying out any amount of labour in inventing schemes and classifications about it, but the task of throwing what he had thus thought out into a shape in which it might become acceptable to the rest of the world was barely tolerable to him. Hence, with the exception of a few minor works, like the fragment on Government, and the tract on Usury, such of his books as were not manipulated by Dumont still remain in their original chaos. Elaborate works, such as the *Rationale of Judicial Evidence*, are left in a state so disorderly and vexatious that they remind the reader of houses which have fallen into ruin without having been ever inhabited—the speculation of an unlucky builder. The scaffolding is not removed. The walls have never been painted or papered, and in many places the rafters and joists have not even been concealed by plaster.

The work which M. Dumont cleaned, washed, and translated into French, and which Mr. Hildreth has retranslated into English, is the great exception to this. It represents Bentham's cardinal doctrines in a manner at once complete and authentic, and it applies them with precision and detail to the most important of the subjects to which they relate. Its general drift may be thus summed up. The test of the morality of all actions is their tendency to produce pain or pleasure. A benevolent legislator will make his laws with a view to the promotion of pleasure and the diminution of pain, and careful analysis shows that no other object for laws can be distinctly enounced and avowed which will command the assent of any considerable body of men sufficiently well instructed to understand their own interests and to know their own strength. Having laid this foundation, with a

* *Theory of Legislation*. By Jeremy Bentham. Translated from the French of Etienne Dumont, by R. Hildreth. Trübner: 1864.

power of thought and a humorous force of language which are considerably diminished by translation. Bentham proceeds to analyse pleasure and pain. There are fifteen kinds of pleasure—namely, pleasures of—1, The Senses; 2, Riches; 3, Address, i.e. skill; 4, Friendship; 5, Reputation; 6, Power; 7, Piety; 8, Benevolence; 9, Malevolence; 10, Intelligence; 11, Memory; 12, Imagination; 13, Hope; 14, Association; 15, Comfort. There are eleven sorts of pain, which for the most part are the converse of the fifteen pleasures. These pains and pleasures are connected with particular actions, so as to constitute rewards or punishments in four ways—namely, physically, the pain of a cut or burn; morally, the pain of being blamed; politically, the pain of being imprisoned; religiously, the pain of fearing future punishments. Thus we get four sanctions—the physical, the moral or popular, the political, and the religious. This is the groundwork both of morality and legislation, which differ from each other, “not by their centre, but by their circumference.”

Legislation, however, has in fact been much misunderstood, and laws have been continually made upon false principles. In a chapter which was afterwards expanded into the well-known volume on Fallacies, Bentham exposes these false assumptions with that air of crushing self-confidence which was one of his most characteristic gifts, and which, it must be owned, was often very well founded. He next proceeds to describe the principles of a civil and criminal code. The object of the legislator is to produce the happiness of society, and this happiness may be divided into four principal heads—subsistence, abundance, equality, and security. The discussion of this subject is admirable. As for subsistence and abundance, they can be favoured by the legislator only indirectly, that is to say, by securing to every one the fruits of his labour, or the property which he actually possesses under the existing state of things; but equality is a substantial advantage. Bentham's account of it is one of the most characteristic parts of his book. Almost all the common speculations on this subject run at once into declamation. They are all amplifications of the commonplace that men are “born equal,” or are “equal in the sight of God.” Bentham has the merit of reducing what has been generally used as a mere rhetorical falsehood to almost mathematical precision. Wealth (taken in the widest sense) produces happiness, but not in the direct ratio of its amount. It is so much subdivided or so much accumulated as to be almost worthless to its possessors. From this principle he proves, by a sort of maximum and minimum problem, that equality ought to be favoured and kept in sight in laws which affect the distribution of property. This end, however, is always to be subordinated to the principle that the existing state of things is taken as the starting-point, and that the maintenance of individual security in that state of things is the principal object of the legislator. Equality, therefore, can be favoured only by degrees—by regulating successions, preventing monopoly, and the like. As for security itself, it is provided for simply by the protection of person and property, and by abstaining from invasions of them which are not productive of some benefit greater than the suffering which they produce.

Such being the general objects of the legislator, how is he to attain them? He must, in the first place, remember that he will have to make laws in and for a state of things already existing, and that the popularity of his laws, their goodness in relation to the nation for which they are made, will depend principally upon the degree in which they respect or disappoint the expectations already formed by those whom they are to affect. When people speak of a law as tyrannical or unjust, they usually mean that it needlessly disregards their natural expectations, either by being inconsistent, capricious, or founded on some other principle than that of general utility. This, again, is a most characteristic chapter. According to the view taken of law and morals by Bentham and his school, the proper meaning of injustice is partial application of the law, be that what it may. If, for instance, there were a law that the seventh sons of seventh sons should be put to death, it would be unjust to spare one of them. The world at large, it may be objected, would say that the law itself was unjust. Bentham would reply—By saying so, they would really mean nothing more than that the law was calculated to inflict great needless suffering, and also to disappoint that expectation of security which would be as natural in those who suffered by it as in others. The power of law over people's expectations and plans of life, and the inclination of mankind to judge of the character of the law by the way in which this power is exercised, are no doubt matters of the highest importance in legislation, and Bentham deserves great credit for having been the first writer to invest them with anything approaching to a fair share of prominence.

Having thus described in general the task of the legislator by describing his object, the means at his disposal, and the conditions under which those means must be used, Bentham comes to the particular measures which are to be taken. He observes, in the first place, that the legislator, like the physician, has before him only a choice of evils. Laws, from their very nature, must always be applications of force. Where there is no force, there can be no sanction; where there is no sanction, there can be no law. Thus every law is a restraint and a threat of future suffering, and, in each aspect, is an evil justifiable only because it prevents a greater evil. One great object, therefore—perhaps the great object—of the legislator, ought to be to minimize, not only the number of his laws, but the number of occasions on which it will be necessary to put them in force; and the surest

way of doing this is to make them conformable to the natural expectations of men. Thus the reason why the law should give the father's property, on his death, to his children, is because they have always been led to expect it, and would be disappointed if they had it not. As Bentham observes, “The legislator is not the master of the dispositions of the human heart, he is only their interpreter and minister.” He goes with great minuteness into the effects of this principle on the transfer of property by consent or by distribution after death, and on the different great relations of life—master and servant, guardian and ward, father and child, husband and wife. It would lead us too far to describe even the leading points of his views on these subjects. A single illustration will be sufficient. What, he inquires, is the peremptory decisive reason why the legislator should enforce contracts? He replies:—“Because men are the best judges of their own interests, and therefore it may be assumed that contracts are usually advantageous to each of the contracting parties.” If it be objected that the law is seldom called upon to enforce a contract unless the contract has become disadvantageous to one of the parties, Bentham's answer is, that not to enforce it would be to inflict on the party who seeks to enforce it the pain of the disappointment of a natural expectation, and also to diminish the security of all other contracting parties, which, taken together, is a greater evil than that of making the defendant stand to a bad bargain. No one can appreciate the importance of this way of treating the subject who has not had some experience of the endless confusion and trouble which arise from the attempt to explain the law of contracts on any other footing, and to assign the cases in which a contract is “void in itself.” Bentham was perfectly justified in saying that, after a great deal of vague talk, two things only remain positive rules—the will of such and such a legislator, and the principle of general utility.

The principles of the Penal Code are hardly so interesting, and are neither so original nor so profound, as those of the Civil Code. Bentham's leading remark is, that civil and criminal law ought not to be considered as different departments of one subject, but rather as different views of the same set of actions—the difference consisting in the purpose for which they are classified, which is in one case the apportionment of punishment, in the other the enforcement of general rules in particular cases. The doctrine that the sanction is of the essence of law, and that it is this which distinguishes between law and morals, no doubt leads to the conclusion that, in a certain sense, all laws are criminal or penal. They all involve, somewhere or other, and under some circumstances or other, the application of force.

Perhaps the most remarkable part of Bentham's explanation of the principles of the penal code is to be found in his account of the satisfactions or compensations which the criminal law ought to afford to those who are injured by crimes. They are of several kinds—pecuniary satisfaction, restitution in kind, “attestatory” satisfaction (such, for instance, as a public record of the falsehood of a libel), satisfaction in point of honour, vindictive satisfaction, and, lastly, subsidiary satisfaction at the public expense. This he advocated in the cases of physical calamities like a flood or a fire, invasions, judicial errors, and violent crimes which ought to have been prevented—riots, for instance. Systems of private assurance he thought might be more fit for other crimes, as, for instance, thefts and frauds. He insisted much on the importance of attestatory and honorary satisfactions, and has a singular chapter on the good and evil of duelling. It is characteristic of Bentham's enthusiasm about law, which he regarded with something of that affection which an inventor feels for a patent machine, that he seems to have overlooked, or at all events underrated, the danger of making people nervous and fidgety about their reputation by greatly extending the security which the law as it stands gives to it.

These are a few of the salient points of one of the most influential of modern books. If any one would take the trouble of reading it with an early edition of Blackstone on one side and a late edition of Stephen's Commentaries on the other, he would be able to satisfy himself that it has met with a degree of success which perhaps no other book ever gained in this country. When to this it is added that the Code Napoléon, and the Penal and Civil Codes by which 130 millions of people are governed in the East Indies, are founded upon it, no more need be said as to the results which it has produced. It has, of course, been severely criticized. In a violent pamphlet which we noticed some months ago, an eminent French writer, speaking of the inaptitude of the English for metaphysical speculation, expressed his opinion that “Bentham's metaphysical nullity” had been exposed by Jouffroy in his *Cours du Droit Naturel*. This exposure, it seemed to be supposed, reduced Bentham to the level of a man of great practical sagacity destitute of any philosophical conception of the bases on which his practice rested. It may be interesting to take this opportunity of shortly examining the justice of this observation.

Jouffroy's *Cours du Droit Naturel* consists of reports of the lectures delivered by him at the Sorbonne between 1830 and 1842. They were unfortunately interrupted by his death in, or shortly before, the latter year, and the world was thus deprived of the opportunity of seeing how he would have dealt with the great practical difficulties which have generally proved insuperable to thinkers of his school. His book is most instructive and delightful, and deserves a more extended notice than we can at present afford to it, but the points at issue between him and Bentham

may be very shortly stated. His own theory was that there are three modes in which human actions are determined. There is the instinctive or passionate, in which the passion itself immediately seeks its own gratification; the reflective, in which we act from a calculation as to our own interests; and lastly, the moral, in which we act without passion and from purely rational motives. This rational motive consists in an immediate perception of the final object of the universe at large, and of ourselves as parts of it, and of a harmony or discord, as the case may be, between this end and the proposed action. This perception is the ultimate explanation of morality, for "the end of a being is the good of that being." Pleasure and pain are "phenomena subordinated to good and evil," and they arise from the accidental fact that we happen to be sensitive as well as active beings. This conception or idea of good is, however, the privilege of a few. "Though reason shows itself very early in man, no one would venture to maintain that it rises immediately to this high conception of order, which is the moral law; nay, more, every one knows that in many men this high conception of the moral law never throws itself into a precise shape." He adds elsewhere, "There is, moreover, a profound agreement proved by experience to exist between obedience to the law of duty and our interest well understood;" and further on he observes that obedience to the moral law produces a pleasure, and disobedience to it a pain, "the keenest that human sensibility can experience." Having laid down his own principles, of which these form a part, in two lectures on the "moral facts of human nature," he proceeds to refute various systems conflicting with his own, and amongst the rest that of Bentham.

He begins by observing that Bentham was a legislator, and not a metaphysician. He admits elsewhere that legislation is and ought to be, generally speaking, governed by the principle of utility, and the two remarks put together seem to prove that Bentham had firmly grasped so much at least of metaphysics as related immediately to his own subject. The question between him and Jouffroy thus reduces itself to a comparatively small point—namely, whether he was right or wrong in denying the truth of Jouffroy's opinion that the highest mode of the determination of human actions is when they are determined by a conception of universal order. It seems very harsh criticism to say that this disagreement in itself shows metaphysical nullity. That the form into which Bentham threw his denial of such doctrines was rough and contemptuous, and perhaps even rude, is true; but the denial itself is the cardinal doctrine of what is certainly the most successful, if it is not the most popular, of all metaphysical schools. Jouffroy himself admits that many people cannot perceive his transcendental rule of morality, and it would be very easy to state objections to it which have been raised a thousand times, and have never received a satisfactory answer. We prefer, however, to confine ourselves to his criticisms on Bentham.

His first objection is that Bentham's system is purely selfish, and that, as the interests of men in any existing state of society are inconsistent, the selfish principle, carried out, would lead to anarchy. It is perfectly true that Bentham has not given sufficient prominence to the distinction between the two questions—"What is the meaning of morality?" and "Why should I, A. B., be moral?" But he has recognised that distinction. His theory is, that morality means nothing else than acting with a reference to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and that there are four classes of reasons which dispose men so to act—namely, regard for the natural consequences of their conduct, respect for the opinions of others, fear of the law, and the love or fear of God. To this Jouffroy says, "Then the rule of general utility which you put forward is a lie, for personal utility is still the real rule." This is like saying, "Thou shalt do no murder" is a lie, because people are hanged if they do commit murder. The fact that there are sanctions for morality, that there are reasons why people should be moral, is the very thing that gives morality its importance. It is almost wearisome to find that Jouffroy adds that, inasmuch as, according to Bentham, individual interest is the ultimate rule of conduct, a man would have the right to rob if he thought that, all things considered, he would get more pleasure than pain by the robbery. Any system becomes absurd when words are applied to it which it does not recognise. In Bentham's system, the word "right" means a power secured by law, and no doubt every one has secured to him by law the power of doing whatever he can, subject to the consequences. A man has the power of forming a design to rob, subject to the religious sanction—that is, subject to the evil consequences of offending God, who knows the heart; he has the power of putting it into execution, subject to the popular and legal sanctions—that is, to the risk of infamy, plus the risk of being immediately stopped, apprehended, or even killed by way of prevention, and of being severely punished in case of success. That all men have, in this sense and under these restrictions, a right to do all things, follows from the fact that they are voluntary agents.

Let us take an illustration. Has a man a right to marry two wives at once? Certainly not in England in the present day, because he would be considered infamous, would be punished by the law, and would, according to our notions of religion, sin against God. Had Jacob a right to marry Leah and Rachel at once? Yes; for he was subject to no infamy, no punishment, and, according to the views of his time and country, he committed no sin. Suppose the Englishman in the present day cares for no consequences here or hereafter, and determines to take them all? No doubt he has a right to do so, for the consequences

are the only things which can prevent him; and if in fact they do not prevent him, all that the rest of the world can do is to indict them, and to admit the fact that they were inflicted and were ineffectual. To blame Bentham's system because it leaves people the power of doing wrong, subject to the consequences of wrong-doing, is to blame it for being a legislative system at all. How can men influence each other's conduct, except by appealing to their hopes and fears?

Jouffroy's objection, however, does not stop here. He not only says that Bentham's system gives every man a right to rob, but he goes on to say that there is no legitimate way of substituting the rule of the general interest for the rule of the interest of individuals; and he rather harshly says, "Cette substitution n'est qu'un mensonge." . . . "Elle est impossible, et la règle d'intérêt général est en conséquence un principe de l'égoïsme et n'en peut sortir." This criticism appears to assume that the proposition which Bentham wishes to prove is, that if all men were, at a given moment, to begin to pursue each his own greatest happiness, the result would be the greatest happiness of the greatest number. This, of course, depends upon the state of things with which you begin. The greatest happiness of Abraham Lincoln at this moment would involve the destruction of Jefferson Davis; and in no state of things that the world has ever yet known were the happiness of each and the happiness of all proximately coincident. Bentham certainly never makes any such assertion as that which Jouffroy appears to ascribe to him. His fundamental assumption is that the legislator whom he addresses wishes, for whatever reason, to promote the happiness of the people for whom he legislates. He asserts that, as a fact, every individual does seek his own happiness on all occasions, and the object of his book is to show how, upon this assumption, and with this datum, the result of a maximum of happiness is to be produced. If he had been asked why the legislator should care about the happiness of the people, he would no doubt have said that he will care for it according to the force which the physical, the moral, and the religious sanctions exercise on his mind. Whether he cares for his object more or less, this is the way by which he must attain it. These assertions are perfectly simple. No one can misunderstand them, and it is universally admitted that Bentham argued as consistently as possible on his own principles, though his disciples, Austin and Mr. Mill—to whom, perhaps, Mr. Bain should be added—have enlarged and explained some of his principles in a valuable manner. The real exception which M. Jouffroy has to take to them is, that Bentham did not hold the transcendental theory of duty. In this, as we have already observed, he may have been right or wrong, but it is hard measure to describe his dissent from a very disputable theory as "metaphysical nullity."

It is difficult to add anything to so dry a controversy as that into which the dispute between Jouffroy and Bentham thus finally resolves itself. There are, however, one or two collateral observations which are often neglected, and of which Jouffroy's writings remind us. He complains, in his criticism on Hobbes, that Hobbes attaches to the words "right" and "duty" meanings entirely different from those which men usually attach to them. The complaint shows a point of view, on the part of the critic, so entirely different from that of the author, as to raise a strong presumption against the justice of the criticism. Bentham, and others of his way of thinking, would say that such words as "right," "duty," "law," "nature," and the like, are used in a more confused and indefinite manner than any others, and that the very first step towards any satisfactory kind of moral speculation is to reduce them to a definite meaning. These meanings must, of course, differ in different systems, and it is by those differences that the systems are distinguished from each other. Jouffroy himself was not very happy in his use of words, or rather in his remarks upon them. He says, for instance, "Le bien, l'utile, le bonheur, trois idées que la raison ne tarde pas à tirer du spectacle de notre nature, et qui sont parfaitement distinctes dans toutes les langues." In fact, "Le bien" cannot be translated into English, and it is not even natural French. "The good" or "the well" is not sense. Adjectives and adverbs want substantives and verbs to complete them. The fact that transcendentalists of all ages and nations are obliged to distort their own language before they can express what they assert to be the fundamental idea of all, is not unimportant. "Happiness" is a substantive, which can be understood, but "the highest good" is an expression which leaves a blank. The highest good what? The highest good health, the highest good fortune, are, at all events, good grammar, but the highest good, by itself, is not.

No doubt there will always be a class of people to whom Bentham's reputation in England will be a proof that we are a grovelling, low-minded race who cannot soar—who have, as a French critic said, hands and feet, but no wings. A candid observer will put a different construction on the fact. The great recommendation of Bentham, and men like him, to Englishmen in general, even to those who care most for abstract inquiries, is that they do give the one great pledge of truth. They solve real problems, and, till somebody else can solve them better, their power will not be shaken in this country. Jouffroy died before he came to the practical application of his transcendentalism, but the real objection to such theories is that they never stand the test of practice. Try, for instance, to regulate the law of marriage on transcendental principles. Does the transcendental moral law permit of divorce or not, and in what cases? When transcendentalism is

brought to bear upon such a subject, it always comes to a futile conclusion. It is written in my inmost heart, says one such theorist, that divorce is an iniquity. And it is written in mine, says another, that it is a primeval, natural, imprescriptible right of man. For undisputed points of morals you can always set up a transcendental authority. It is in uncertain cases that an authority is wanted, and then it is not to be had. Bentham, on the other hand, may be right or wrong, but the world at large can always judge which it is. What was written in Kant's heart no one can tell, but whether Bentham estimated the consequences of the liberty of divorce rightly is a question on which every one can judge for himself. These practical questions are the only real tests of the value of theories. The falling of an apple is a very little thing, but before you can explain it you must know the arrangement of the solar system, and the most magnificent accounts of that system which fail to explain it fail to do what is required of them.

THE HEKIM BASHI.*

UNDER the form of a narrative, supposed to convey the adventures of an Italian doctor who enters the Turkish service, turns Mahomedan, and turns Christian again, Dr. Sandwith has unfolded his experiences of Turkish life, and his views of the Turkish Empire. Nothing could be more unfavourable. The Turks are monsters of iniquity, and their Government one of the worst misgovernments on earth. They are all corrupt, from high to low; they are cruel, fanatical, and utterly incapable of learning anything better. All the improvements announced with so much pomp and parade are mere paper improvements. They are simply got up for foreign diplomatists and foreign newspapers. Nothing good is ever really carried out, and it is only through England that Turkey exists at all. This is the result of Dr. Sandwith's experience, and he wishes to let the world know what he thinks. Certainly, if his view is true, or anything near the truth, it much concerns Englishmen to think well over it, and over its great national importance to us. And although it is difficult, if not impossible, for those unacquainted with a foreign country so remote from us in every way as Turkey, to say whether a particular picture given of it is or is not faithful, yet there are two things that may naturally impel us to place some degree of faith in Dr. Sandwith. In the first place, he has great personal knowledge of his subject, and has mixed with Turks of every grade, and he inspires his readers with a persuasion that he is trying to say only what inquiry and good authorities warrant him in saying. In the second place, the English public is not treated with regard to Turkey by the Foreign Office, as it is treated with regard to other foreign countries. Turkey, and the concerns of Turkey, are always wrapped in mystery. It is an especial and privileged place, as to which, for great reasons of the highest European diplomacy, outsiders must know nothing. Even the subordinate diplomatic agents of the Government are under perpetual constraint when they have to speak of Turkey, and are instructed that what they say must be favourable to the Turks. Consuls have been told, in so many words, that their reports about Turkey must be shaped so as to please the Foreign Office, and that the Foreign Office would never be pleased unless the reports spoke in flattering terms of the Turkish Government. We cannot, in fact, get at the truth about Turkey, for Mr. Layard's whole fortunes have been bound up with Turkey and Turkish success, and it is on the battle-field of the Eastern question that Lord Palmerston's greatest diplomatic victories have been won. Unfortunately, too, the Conservative party is so weak on every question of foreign policy, its leaders are so wholly devoid of diplomatic knowledge, and its strength lies so entirely at home, that it never dares to take up heartily any subject which it feels may be so full of dangers as that of our relations with Turkey. It has no one who would be capable of inventing a new line with reference to Turkey, and it probably would have the utmost difficulty in filling the Constantinopolitan Embassy. Therefore, every account of Turkey given by an independent and honest visitor is well worth having in England. Such accounts supply the only checks we can possibly get on the policy pursued by our Foreign Office, and no one who knows even the rudiments of the Eastern question can doubt that some check is needed. There may be no reason why we should change our policy in the main. We may be right in saying that all we do and wish to do is to prevent Russia and France from using the weakness of Turkey to their advantage. This is a very glorified account of our actual policy, but even if it were a true one, it would still be of the utmost use to have an accurate notion of the Government which, for the best of reasons and with the best of intentions, we insist on preserving. It is only the very sanguine friends of Turkey who can believe that the Turkish policy of Lord Palmerston will long survive Lord Palmerston himself.

What, then, are the specific charges which Dr. Sandwith has to make against the Turks, and to illustrate which he has written this story of an Italian doctor? They are but the old stories, that innocent persons are beaten and murdered, women and children put to the sword, the prisons filthy nests of pestilence, every official ready to do anything for money, every one plotting against his neighbour, Christians treated like dogs, society degraded by nameless vices. To know that these things, and other things as

bad, go on every day in most parts of the Turkish Empire, is to know merely the beginning of knowledge about Turkey. But the knowledge falls without power on the English mind. Few Englishmen have been to Turkey, and, of those who have, most return with a vague and horrible impression that the whole state of things among Turks and Christians is so rotten that it is no good inveighing against the Turks specially. To state barely that such things make up the ordinary life of those wretches in Turkey who are beyond European protection, produces naturally very little effect. The world, or at least the uncivilized world, is so very bad, so deplorably wicked and cruel, that we grow callous to statements of distant atrocities. And when our attention is turned to details, we are apt to be very soon baffled by the extreme complexity of the facts submitted to us. There was, for example, much talk a year ago about the bombardment of Belgrade. According to the enemies of the Turks, this was a wanton atrocity, designed to strike terror into a helpless population of Christians. But then the friends of Turkey had their story too, and insisted that what the Turks did was in the purest self-defence, and after the strongest provocation. We do not, therefore, see how a writer like Dr. Sandwith, burning with a sense of indignation against the Turks, and anxious not to write in vain, could do better than put his experience into the form of a fictitious narrative. It is true that he thus lays himself open to the charge of inventing and arranging his facts as he pleases. Every writer of fiction who wishes to prove a point by his fiction does that. Nor does it go far to meet the objection that Dr. Sandwith quotes blue-books and works of recent travellers in support of his principal statements. We are more impressed by these authorities than we should be if they were not given, for they must go for something; but every one acquainted with the mode in which authorities are ordinarily dealt with by writers of fiction will be on his guard against even the most apposite extracts in an appendix. The opinion, therefore, of truthfulness which Dr. Sandwith's account of the Turks gives us is only partially due to the authorities he quotes. It is much more due to the air of candour with which he writes, and to the minute knowledge which he displays. And when once our confidence is won, the form of a fictitious narrative gives the author the great advantage of being able to introduce his incidents in a natural manner as parts of daily life, and to exhibit the European observer as he passes gradually through successive phases of Turkish life.

Dr. Sandwith has not much of the ability of a storyteller. His Italian doctor is never exactly dull, and he goes through a sufficient variety of events, but he is uninteresting and is not sketched with much power or life. Parts of the story, and especially the love parts, are very infantine; and the conversations and situations are never managed with art or ingenuity. But, on the other hand, the story goes babbling on in a humble, readable way, and its freedom from anything like wit, or telling descriptions, or high art of any sort, increases our belief in the honesty and substantial sense of the author. Either reminiscences of Gil Blas, or a practical acquaintance with the class of men who go out from the South of Europe to become doctors in the Turkish army, have suggested to Dr. Sandwith the conception of a character which shall picture its own absence of morality and principle in a simple unpretending manner; and the hero almost enlivens the work by the easy way in which he recounts how willingly he took bribes, and told lies, and changed his religion. In the end, he becomes a Christian again, and feels the force of great doctrines, and loses his love, who turns nun and is poisoned, and so a proper and virtuous impression is produced at last. But, through what may be termed the business part of the book, the doctor is a candid and rather babyish rascal, who comes to Turkey to make money, and, when he finds that the road to making money lies in doing as the wicked Turks do, complies at once with the necessities of his situation. At first he is in Constantinople, and there he undergoes the tortures of expectation, being promised places and not getting them, until at last he pays half a year's prospective salary as a bribe and is really appointed. He is sent to Salonica, and, on his way, makes his first experience of Turkish cruelties, having come across a village the inhabitants of which have been turned out of their homes for not paying illegal taxes. He inspects the prison of Salonica, and is himself confined there, and has to undergo frightful horrors. But on the Austrian Consul interfering in behalf of an Austrian prisoner, it is judged necessary to have a good report of the prison sent to Constantinople, and the Italian doctor is selected for the office, and expresses his utmost readiness to earn advancement by painting everything he has seen in the highest colours. However, when he gets to Constantinople and sees the Grand Vizier, he is encouraged to tell the whole truth, and paints the prison as he has known it. The Grand Vizier wishes to know the truth, but he does not wish that the truth should be passed on to quarters where it may be inconvenient, and, more especially, the Austrian Ambassador is to be deceived. Once more the doctor is ready to tell a profitable lie, and he tells it; but the great man fears he may let the truth out, and so has him inveigled on board a vessel and carried off to Trebizond.

The evil fortunes of the hero have been used up to this point to make out a case against the Turks; but now his fortunes are to improve in order to work out the same end. He finds favour with the Pasha, who, however, is soon removed to Mosul, and thus gives an opportunity for a long description of a journey through the interior of the wildest parts of Asiatic Turkey. The journey must be very dreary to those who make it, and therefore it may be

* *The Hekim-Bashi; or, the Adventures of Giuseppe Antonelli, a Doctor in the Turkish Service.* By Humphry Sandwith, C.B., D.C.L. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1864.

pardoned that it should be dreary to those who read of it. Its chief incident is the introduction of an Arab chief, who is afterwards treacherously poisoned by the Pasha. At Mosul the doctor finds a Pole who is very kind to him, and who has an only daughter and a little fortune in jewels. The poor Pole dies of cholera, and his Italian friend steals the jewels, and decoys the orphan daughter into the Pasha's harem, where she dies mad. The doctor finds that a very rich Mahomedan lady has fallen in love with him, and, in order to get her money, he turns Mahomedan and marries her. He is now at the height of his prosperity, and is a very great man, brilliant with jewels, and riding fabulous horses, and swearing handsomely at all Christians, Jews, and other spawn of hell. But he has made enemies, and his enemies ruin him. They persuade him to go to Constantinople, and spend a large portion of his money in intriguing for the place of Pasha at Mosul, in room of his own patron. He does spend his money, and he spends it in vain, as the high officials of Constantinople have been privy to the plot, and have only been fooling him. His wife dies, and he is afraid to go back to Mosul to claim the rest of her fortune. He is thus once more ruined, and is sent to Syria, where he comes in for the principal scenes of the famous massacres described in recent blue-books. He ends by going back to Italy, and living there as a monk; and by the time he has reached this stage, he has gone through enough and done enough to make us see what wretches the Turks are, and what scoundrels the Italian doctors are who enlist in the Turkish service.

THE HISTORIANS OF THE EMPEROR HENRY THE FOURTH.*

WE have more than once called attention to that select series of German historians known as the "small Pertz," by means of which those who have a fancy for studying German history in its original sources have much better means afforded them of so doing than those whose taste leads them to the like inquiries as to their own country. Why we have nothing of the sort in England, it is not for us to say; while Oxford still contains a Clarendon Press, it is certainly not for want of the means. No publication meets the exact want—neither the Historical Society's Editions, nor those published by the Master of the Rolls. Those volumes in these two collections which are well edited are of very high value; but neither of them answers to the "small Pertz." What is wanted is something smaller, cheaper, and more select. We need a discreet choice of the best chroniclers in the cheapest possible form. As yet, nobody seems to be heard of except William of Malmesbury, who never gives a date and on whose facts no man can rely. And even for William, his votaries have to choose between Mr. Bohn's crib and the costly edition with twaddling notes published by the Historical Society. We long to handle Florence, the Life of Edward, and the readable parts of Orderic, in the same handy shape in which we are handling Lambert and Bruno. Of course we need sensible scholars to choose what should be edited, and to edit it when it is chosen. But there are plenty of men fit for the task. In Germany these things are done by a Privy-Councillor of the King of Prussia. We trust and believe, however, that M. Pertz's office is a purely nominal one; for he has certainly studied history much too deeply not to know perfectly well what is the northern frontier of the Roman Empire. We are not sure that, even in England, we might not find a Privy-Councillor or two able to give some help. But, without seeking help in such exalted quarters, there are plenty of scholars scattered through the land who would delight in such a work. Why, then, does not some one set them about it?

The three numbers of the series now before us show the thoroughly judicious way in which the choice is made. The sources for the life of Henry the Fourth are numerous and discordant; they are as numerous and as discordant as the English and Norman sources for the life of William the Conqueror. The English youth has no chance of judging for himself; he is sentenced to William of Malmesbury, who is neither honest Englishman nor outspoken Norman. The German youth who works at the same period is far better off; the "small Pertz" supplies him with a vehement advocate on each side and also with an authority who may fairly claim the position of a judge. No choice could be better than one which contains the anonymous Life of Henry by a devoted admirer, the History of the Saxon War by a bitter enemy, and the Annals of Lambert of Herzfeld, than whom no writer of the middle age, and few of any age, can stand higher, for clearness, fulness, vigour, and impartiality. To hear both sides in a period of controversy is the first dictate of fairness; but in this case it is much more. It is a great point for the student thoroughly to realize that in so many portions of history there are two sides, and that, in most cases, there is a good deal to be said on both sides. It is something for him to realize that these old chroniclers were living men, taking an intense interest in what went on under their eyes, that they were often violent partisans of King or Commonwealth, of Pope or Caesar, and that they therefore require to be carefully weighed in the balance the

moment they get on controverted times. The English student has no opportunity, at any rate no encouragement, to do this; the German student, with the three books before us in his hand, cannot help doing it if he has the commonest spirit of inquiry. Here is Henry, the idol of one writer, appearing as a loathsome monster in the eyes of another. No one who reads the books can doubt the good faith of either. Who can help asking, Are the two characters anyhow compatible? If not, which is to be chosen? Did Henry practise all virtues and all vices at the same time? Strange as it sounds, the thing is not really so impossible as it may seem. Or are the two characters exaggerated half-likenesses, each painter being blind to one aspect of a many-sided character? Or is each character true of a different time of Henry's life? Did the youthful sinner of Bruno's invective change into the mature saint bewailed by the anonymous biographer? The calm and judicial narrative of Lambert will perhaps go some way to clear up these difficulties. Still it is well not to go wholly by the summing up of the judge, but to hear the contending counsel for ourselves. Without the two other writers, we should hardly realize the depth of hatred and the depth of affection which the same man was able to kindle in two observers, each of whom clearly speaks from the fulness of his heart. To have Lambert alone is a great matter, but Lambert with the other two is better still. One thing only is to be lamented, and that is no fault of M. Pertz. The only one of the three which takes in the whole reign of Henry is the *Vita*, which is a mere sketch. Lambert and Bruno, who are much fuller, deal only with his earlier years. Still it is something to get a sketch of the whole reign, and some of the most important years told in detail.

To the merits of Lambert of Herzfeld, the first of mediæval historians, full justice has been done both by Sir James Stephen in his Essay on Hildebrand and by Dean Milman in the History of Latin Christianity. In reading him we feel that we have got hold of something far beyond the mere chronicler; both in him and in Otto of Freising we recognise a type of writer to whom contemporary England supplies no rival. No one tells his tale, be it battle, negotiation, or anything else, more fully or more clearly, with true natural vigour, but without a trace of the bombast and affectation which disfigures so many mediæval writers. There is nothing meagre, nothing obscure; the whole story is told by one who thoroughly understands it and does thorough justice to it. And what a tale it is. One almost envies the man to whose lot it fell to write down the contemporary record of the strife between Henry and Hildebrand. It was a privilege to be able to describe the scene at Canosa as the last piece of news which reached the monastery:—

Venit ille, ut jussum fuerat, et cum castellum illud triplici muro septum esset, intra secundum murorum ambitum receptus, foris delicto omni comitatu suo, deposito cultu regio, nihil preterens regium, nihil ostendans pompaticum, nudis pedibus jejuniis a mane usque ad vesperam perstabat, Romani Pontificis sententiam prestolando. Hoc secundo, hoc tertio die fecit.

Lambert thoroughly feels the greatness of the scene which he records, almost too great for words, far too great for any rhetoric, any flourish of trumpets, any display of pedantic allusions. The tale itself, in its own wonderful detail, is enough. Bruno is much briefer, but he wastes many more words, and there is a flavour of partisan triumph in his account, of which there is no trace in Lambert:—

Illam partem, in qua aliquid spei esse putabat, elegit, et lanceis indutus, nudis pedibus, ad apostolicum venit, dicens se plus amare regnum celeste quam terrenum, et ideo penitentiam, quamcumque sibi vellet imponere, se humiliter suscepturum. Apostolicus vero de tanti viri tantâ humilitate letatus, præcepit ei, &c.

The anonymous biographer passes by the tale in a few words, and bursts forth into a vehement remonstrance against Henry's enemies.

Lambert goes on only two months after the scene at Canosa, and suggests that some other writer should take up the thread of his narrative from the election of the anti-King Rudolf. Bruno himself adds only four years more to the election of Hermann in 1081. But where, it may be asked, does Lambert begin? The other two writers write monographs, detached pieces of history with descriptive titles, "*Bellum Saxonicum*," "*Vita Heinrici*." Lambert, in form, writes mere Annals, like the dullest of annalists, and, like the dullest of annalists, he begins with the creation of the world. But the merely annalistic part of Lambert's work is soon got over; a small space contains the general history of things from Adam to Henry the Third. With the year 1053 he begins to narrate in detail, and from such dry entries as

"Ethelric regina obiit; cui Adelheit successit."

"Diothardus senior obiit."

"Ungarii vastaverunt Franciam."

and the like, the chronicle gradually swells into the fullest and most vivid of contemporary histories. It is evident that Lambert did not copy, in the sense in which many mediæval writers copied, that is, he did not copy from anything worthy to be called a narrative. He was not like Matthew Paris with Roger of Wendover before him. Till he reached the times of his own knowledge, he simply copied dry dates and facts; he did not narrate in detail at all till he could guarantee the accuracy of his narration. In this he differs from his great successor in the next century, Otto of Freising. The Annals of Otto (a work to be distinguished from the *Gesta Friderici*, which is a real monograph) form a real universal

* *Lamberti Hersfeldensis Annales ex recensione Hessii. In usum Scholarum ex Monumentis Germaniæ Historicis recudi fecit Augustus Henricus Pertz.* Hanover: 1843.

Brunonis de Bello Saxonico Liber, &c. Hanover: 1843.

Vita Heinrici IV. Imperatoris, ex recensione Wattenbachii, &c. Hanover: 1855.

history, written at considerable length, and which must have cost the worthy Bishop a good deal of trouble and research. But here again we have no mere copying; he refers to his authorities, but he does not simply transcribe their words. He clearly aimed at being, according to his light, the Arnold or Thirlwall of his own time. It is important to point out the different plans pursued, as well as the different ways in which they were executed, by that large class of writers of various ages and countries whom ignorant people jumble together under the head of "Monkish Chroniclers."

From reading the invectives of Bruno, or indeed from reading any account of the actions of Henry the Fourth, it is wonderful to turn to the lamentations of his biographer, supposed to be Othert, Bishop of Lüttich. He evidently speaks from his heart, and he speaks at a time when it was perhaps dangerous, and certainly not profitable, to speak as he does:—

Quis dabit aquam capiti meo, et fontem lacrimarum oculis meis, ut lugeam, non excidia captae urbis, non captivitatem villis vulgi, non damna rerum mearum, sed mortem Heinrichi imperatoris augusti, qui spes mea et unicum solacium fuit, immo ut de me taceam, qui gloria Romae, decus imperii, lucerna mundi extitit? Erit posthac mihi vita iocunda? Erit absque lacrimis dies aut hora? Aut tecum, o dulcissime, potero illius mentionem habere sine fletu? Ecce dum scribo, quod dictavit impatiens doloris, cadunt lacrimae, madent fletu litterae, et quod notat manus, diluit oculus. Sed forsitan impatientiam doloris mei redarguas, et ut fletum meum reprimam, ne forte his qui de morte imperatoris gaudent innotescat, instruis. Recte me doces, fator; sed non possum imperare mihi quin doleam, non possum me continere quin lugeam, flet in me furor sum exacuunt, licet me per membra discerpere cupiant; dolor timere nescit, dolor illatas poenas non sentit. Nec ego solus mortem eius lamento; hanc Roma plangit, hanc omne Romanum imperium deflet, hanc in commune divites et pauperes, praeter insidiatores potentiae vitaeque eius, lugent. Nec mihi privata doloris causa est; publicam lamentari cladem pietas me cogit. Nam illo recedente, iusticia terras reliquit, pax abiit, fraus in locum fidei subintravit. Chorus laudantium Deum conticuit, solemnitas officii divini siluit, vox exultationis et salutis in tabernaculis iustorum non auditur; quia qui haec omnia solemniter ordinavit, non invenitur.

And he winds up in the same strain that he begins—

Ecce habes de gestis, de expensis in pauperes, de fortuna, de obitu imperatoris Heinrichi, quae sicut non poterant absque lacrimis a me scribi, sic non poterunt absque lacrimis a te legi.

All this unbought praise proves a great deal. A man of whom it could have been uttered must have had the seeds of good in him from the beginning, and they must have brought forth fruit in the end, when adversity had tamed and softened him. Yet it is staggering to compare all this with the picture of brutal cruelty and profligacy which we find in Bruno, and for which, after making all allowance for Bruno's probable exaggeration, there must be some large ground of truth. It is still more staggering when we compare it with what we read elsewhere of Henry's conduct in later times, of his treatment of his second wife, which does not come within the narrative either of Bruno or of Lambert. Yet if any man ever spoke with thorough sincerity, it was the author of this most touching panegyric.

These chronicles are by no means without a bearing on present affairs. They show us the spectacle of what so many people find it difficult to understand—the spectacle of a united Germany. We do not wish the word to be taken for more than it is worth, but we mean a Germany far more united than modern Germany, as united as contemporary England, far more united than contemporary France. Germany, like other countries, has its civil wars, its local dissensions, its contending competitors for the crown. Still Germany has one acknowledged King ruling over the whole land, and ruling with the aid of an assembly gathered from the whole land. Even Saxony, with her strong national feelings, her wrongs and her rebellions, is not more distinct than Northumberland, incomparably less distinct than Normandy. The constant assemblies, the constant moving to and fro of the King over all parts of the realm, strike one at every step, and form a remarkable contrast to the condition of the nominal Kings of France, hardly ever moving further than from Paris to Orleans.

One or two points of form and title may be mentioned with advantage. Germany is a distinct and powerful kingdom, whose elected Kings have an inchoate right to the Roman Empire. Yet Germany has strictly no name. Geographically, it is sometimes "Teutonica partes," very often, strange to say, "Galliae," very seldom indeed "Germania." As a kingdom, it is "regnum Teutonicum" or "Teutonicorum." No one ever says "regnum Anglicum" or "regnum Italicum;" in fact "Italia et regnum Teutonicum" are sometimes joined together. The "regnum Teutonicum" means the Teutonic as opposed to the Latin kingdom—"Francia Orientalis et Teutonica," as opposed to "Francia Occidentalis et Latina." It is that part of ancient "Francia" which clave to the old Teutonic speech. Bruno indeed hardly sees a king at all in the Capetian at Paris; he is "Latinae Francie rector" and nothing more. The names "Francus," "Francia," were now beginning to assume their later meaning, as Lambert speaks of a place as "in confinio sitam regnorum Francorum et Teutonicorum." Yet, long after, Otto of Freising uses "Franci" as synonymous with "Teutonici." More curious than all, as an illustration of the way in which old ideas still lingered on, are the phrases used in a letter of Henry's (Bruno, c. 68)—"Romana respublica sive regnum nostrum." Henry, doubtless, no less than Justinian, believed that a "lex regia" had transferred to him all the inherent powers of the Roman people.

LA SECONDE VIE.*

THE world of dreams, trances, reveries, and nightmares has always had a special attraction for minds of a musing and imaginative bent. In no other sphere is the field of speculation so wide and inexhaustible, or the material of fancy so free and undisputed. It is with a sense of liberty and relief that the poet closes his eyes upon the narrow, hard, and prosaic world that meets the waking senses, to open the mental gaze upon the wider, more ethereal, and more satisfying range of objects which form for it a second life. Such is the realm of ideas and fancies to which the imaginative, poetical, and somewhat mystic mind of M. Xavier Saintine seems to feel itself attracted by a kind of natural instinct. In none of his thoughtful and spiritual writings has he shown himself more thoroughly in love with his subject, nor in any has he seemed to revel with a keener sense of enjoyment in the scenes and illusions that his brain has conjured up. The whole work is impressed with so thorough a stamp of earnestness, that it reads more like the narration of actual experience and the reminiscence of things seen in individual dreams than the creation of an inventive fancy or the clever trifling of a professed *littérateur*, so intimately are the waking and sleeping functions intertwined, and so constantly is the mind of the reader left in doubt where the truth of daylight ends and the visions of night begin to steal in upon the dreaming soul.

With the characteristic method of his countrymen, M. Saintine cannot refrain from a preparatory classification of his subject; and it is not long accordingly before we meet with an attempt to analyse and distinguish the various realms of thought which make up the other life, and to set down under logical categories the several processes or influences that guide the intelligence of man in its flight through the immaterial and shadowy forms which, like the orbs of heaven, start upon the sight as the grosser shapes of sense die out at the setting of the sun. In the person of a scientific doctor—one, however, who betrays a tendency to draw for his draughts of fancy as much from the sparkling depths of *Ai* or *Clicquot* as from the cold clear well of fact—the author treats us to a classification of dreams and hallucinations in the order of their subjects, and of their operation on the brain. There are, first, the class of "lucid dreams" (*clara somnia*), during which the spirit enjoys its plenary powers of deduction and even of invention—those which originate as well as those which classify or connect ideas. Again, we have seen poets compose verses, and mathematicians resolve problems, under that kind of dreams which have been termed "psychical"—the soul retaining its perfect freedom and clearness during the total slumber of the senses. To another department of the mind belongs the "hyper-esthetic" class of dreams, in which the senses have the entire rule and carry it into excess, as if unchained in the absence of the faculty which of right should hold the mastery. Within the large range of the hyper-esthetic order are to be distinguished, first of all, "symptomatic" dreams, the character of which lies not so much in their strength or intensity as in their persistence. Hippocrates, and Galen after him, we are told, long ago fastened upon these as capable of furnishing an excellent means of diagnosis in cases of disease. Hence their specific name, derived from the symptoms of which they formed the index. Dreams like these, the scientific writer warns us, act by the law of contraries. If during sleep we find ourselves "assisting" frequently at good dinners or luxurious *petits soupers*, if we dream three nights running of this charming *menu*, that ravishing *salmi* or *macédoine*, be assured, he tells us, your usual dietary rule is poor and insufficient, or some one or other of your digestive organs imperfectly fulfils its functions. Here the appreciative doctor stops the argument to congratulate his friend and host, over the third bottle, that neither of them are likely to dream that night of Pantagruelic feasts. It would be a mistake, he continues, to confound a dream of the symptomatic kind with impressions such as the mirage of the desert. The water and the shadows which mock the thirsty traveller amongst the sands of the Sahara are seen with the eyes open. There is no dream, but a mere hallucination, the effect of false appearances. It is the inference from what is really seen that is at fault. Next to those dreams which are connected with the bodily symptoms come those which the erudite physician denominates *symplegadiques*. These are disordered freaks of imagination, veritable *agri somnia*, in which the senses and the imagination clash violently together, and in which many scenes mingle in a single tumultuous drama—complex and monstrous dreams of which neither head nor tail is to be made, of which the greater part consists of unmistakable nightmare. But away with all those grand and sounding words, "of which the Greeks, to whom we owe them, themselves understood not a jot." The result of the doctor's own practical observations is that, in dreaming, man decomposes or divides himself; body and soul can severally isolate themselves, or re-unite themselves under conditions wholly different from those of the normal state. Above and beyond his abstract theory of the *seconde vie*, the subtle doctor is far from renouncing that of a third or still more transcendental life, although he is a strict and orthodox member of the Academy of Medicine. Into those lofty and recondite altitudes the author abstains from carrying us, though he enjoys a sardonic triumph in bringing down the doctor from his reverie amidst a paradise of gold, in which the lowest tones of colour simulate the bright amber of Champagne, to the

* *La Seconde Vie*. Par X. B. Saintine. Paris: Hachette & Co. 1864.

grovelling state in which the fumes and body of the terrestrial liquor prove too powerfully real for the mounting soul; and with the stammering syllables, *Défiiez-vous du vin de Champagne, cher ami, c'est aussi un hallucinateur*, the learned head sinks into utterly mundane stupor.

One of the most graphic and witty sketches in the book is that of a night ascent of the Jungfrau. Here the elements of real life and those of dreams are blended with much subtle humour. Patriotically jealous of the trophies of the English *Grimpeurs* ("Climbing Club"), who are expected on the morrow to plant their detested country's flag (which he persists in calling a "leopard") upon the summit of the virgin mountain, the writer has organized a party of his compatriots who, by dint of buying up every available guide, resolve to forestall the British adventurers, and be the first to scale the perilous steep. Having thrown himself upon his bed for a short preliminary doze, he sees enter the faithful head-guide, Christian Roth, who declares the moment irresistibly favourable to the novelty of a moonlight ascent. At once the sleeper is on foot, and, failing in every effort to awaken his companions, determines to steal a march upon them likewise, and to monopolize the glory of the unprecedented feat. Over precipice, glacier, and crevasse the pair hold on their way. The eternal snows are reached. Every danger known to Alpine climbers is successfully overcome. An avalanche, started by an imprudent shot of the traveller at a chamois, all but engulfs the guide. In the clear icy depths of the glacier is seen the body of an Englishman which for ten years had been frozen in that transparent crystal tomb, a series of wondrous prisms around giving back the rays of a torch in a thousand hues of blue and crimson, while a broad mass of the purest green forms a border to the chasm. Here a strange episode breaks in upon the straining traveller's march. A human figure looms through the blinding mist. He thinks of the Climbing Club and nerves himself for fresh efforts. It confronts him threateningly, and behold it is a woman, "Lalage!" Who Lalage is we are not to learn as yet, but she reproaches him with his selfish and grovelling thoughts of outwitting the English *Grimpeurs* and cheating his friends. And even now his shameful *ruse* has been in vain. She is at the height before him. However, the French flag is planted on the topmost peak, and with his guide he regains the plain and his couch at the inn, half-frozen and dead-beat in mind and body. Suddenly rude voices break in upon his sleep of exhaustion. "Alerte, alerte! voici l'heure de se mettre en route; la Vierge nous tend les bras; allons, debout, paresseux!" Of course his story of the night ascent is met with laughter. The guide—not, however, Christian Roth—confirms in every detail his narrative of the route. Though the possibility of a moonlight ascent is pronounced utterly out of the question, each object is distinctly recognisable. Every plateau and moraine, the fallen fir-tree, the gentians and dwarf ranunculus that strew the gravelly beds—above all, the crevasse à l'Anglais—all have been depicted with the accuracy of an eye-witness. The odd thing is that Christian Roth has been sleeping these five years under the turf of the cemetery of Meyringen! The result is, that the traveller lets his friends go up without him, being thoroughly content with what he has gone through and seen. And to this day he talks of his night ascent with a strength of conviction and an exactitude of detail which cannot be gainsaid, though whether his adventure up the virgin peak was in the body or out of the body neither he nor ourselves are ever likely any further to know.

Pensive and gay by turns, M. Saintine's peculiar humour is as much at its ease in occasional flights of poetry as in the more prosaic treatment of his airy subject. Amongst the happiest and most telling of these poetical dreams the introductory verses, *Erreur et Vérité*, hold a conspicuous place. There are tender and charming thoughts in the little idyl entitled, *Insectes et Fleurs*, as also in *Une Nuit sous Bois*, and *Les trois Lumières*. A powerful moral upon the vanity of human dreams of grandeur is embodied in the *Fuite de Sainte-Hélène*, while a charming transition from the sublime to the ridiculous occurs in the clever bit of fancy *La Prise de Potémkin*. From the *quais* of Paris the writer finds himself transported to the Crusades, and designated by Godfrey for the honours of the crowning escalade. After starving for months under the walls of Acre, the day at length dawns for the grand attack. Mass has been heard; the warrior's sword is girt tightly to his side; the ladder trembles as he presses up to the breach. The first to place the sacred banner upon the rampart, he is seized by the collar by a tall man:—

Est-ce un des Tures de Saladin?
Non; c'est un ami, mon notaire,
Qui rit, et m'emène soudain
Déjeuner au café Voltaire.

J'avais sous mon bras Montmerqué,
Poujoulat, Michaud et Poujade;
En bouquinant le long du quai
J'étais parti pour la croisade.

Un autre Salomon has many precepts of proverbial wisdom to impart upon the old text of "vanity of vanities." But the prize for the deepest practical moral, as well as for the keenest insight into human nature, will perhaps be thought due to the delightful little allegory which may be construed as veiling many a painful drama of real life—*Psylla, la Mangeuse d'Or*. A little snake, its colours dimmed by suffering and want, takes refuge at the writer's hearth from the blasts and frosts of the wintry world without. By degrees, revived by the warmth and by his tender care, the contracted rings relax, the glittering scales dart forth their prismatic hues of

purple and crimson, burnished gold and green. Soon the lovely creature coils itself round the heart that fosters it. He has found her a name, *Psylla*. How she lives, or to what secret corner she hies at night, is as yet a mystery. He plies her with the freshest fruits, the purest milk, the most fragrant flowers, but all in vain. One day some friends coming to breakfast, he is drinking a toast, when suddenly *Psylla* coils herself imperceptibly round his arm, glides downward to the glass, and drinks with avidity the fiery Alicante. Another surprise awaits him. He opens a private drawer, to find the gold he had secreted there abstracted, and *Psylla* alone within heavy with sleep. No robbery can be traced, and it is clear—aided by a tradition concerning the habits of serpents in certain countries, the truth flashes upon him—*Psylla* feeds on gold! Can he break his favourite of her costly taste? In vain. She pines, and falls away; her colours fade, her eye languishes, her feeble tongue mutely appeals for pity. Rather than endure her loss, he incurs ruin, flies to the gaming-table, loses, and is in despair. Presently his friends are proved to be ministering to the insatiate creature and participating in her caresses. The stings of jealousy drive him mad. A true friend seeks to open his eyes to his ruin and humiliation. A quarrel ensues, and next a duel, in which the infatuated man is wounded. Lying weak and half in a swoon, he feels something at his bandaged arm. A little long flat oval head with forked tongue and glittering eyes creeps from beneath the bandage, and, as he sinks back in a stupor like death, *Psylla* crawls gently away, dizzy with the blood that she has drunk. Even now can he withhold from her the blood and gold on which she lives? Maybe she brings with her a soothing and curative power such as has been often emphatically attributed to the serpent tribe. Without her, at least, he cannot live. And to what depths of exhaustion in body and purse he might have been brought by the spell of her magic no one can say, but that, on one day of good omen, *Lalage*—whom we now know for his guardian genius, the spirit of truth—comes upon the scene, and puts her foot upon the head of the dangerous reptile. To this day, adds the writer, I ask myself the question, Have my adventures with the snake been visionary or real? There are not a few readers whose experience will enable them to recall episodes in life not wholly dissimilar, with the same difficulty in deciding whether the history is one of a reality or of a dream.

ANCIENT TEXTS OF THE GREEK TESTAMENT.*

MODERN scholarship has given an interest to the subject of manuscripts, as the sources of the text of ancient books, which they used not to have. A page of Griesbach's edition of the New Testament, in which a thin stratum of text seems to swim at the top of a repulsive crowd of closely-printed notes made up of capitals, numerals, abbreviations, and all kinds of uncouth symbols, is not calculated to make manuscript criticism look very tempting. Manuscripts seemed to be presented as ultimate elements. The critic of a text had to start from them, as witnesses for this or that reading. If they differed, he counted his witnesses—so many for this reading, so many for that; and no doubt he would observe, and give weight to the distinction, that some were written in uncials and presumably older, and the rest in cursive characters and presumably later. He might even go further, and attempt to sort them into "recensions"—Alexandrian, Constantinopolitan, and so forth; but still a manuscript was a manuscript, and he gave us little more idea of what his witness really was than that it was old and venerable, in capital letters, and on vellum, like the Alexandrian A or the Vatican B, or that it was modern, in a running hand, and on paper. A great deal more troublesome and minute labour than even those old collators took, and a little more common-sense consideration of the things which are apt to happen in all copying, and transcribing, and multiplying of any writings whatsoever, were necessary before the right way was struck of using our manuscript authorities. Scholars, instead of taking their manuscripts as final authorities about which it was no use to ask questions, and assuming their value from their age and writing, began to look into the manuscripts themselves, to ascertain what they were worth as evidence of the author's original writing. The idea, obvious enough, was accepted that proof was to be measured by weight and not by tale; and that a great number of copies from the same source were of no greater strength, as evidence, than the one original from which they copied. Manuscripts were looked closely into, not directly for materials of the text or author, but to make out how and what they had copied; not for the sake of what they had to say, but by way of cross-examination, to check them by comparison with varying statements, and to ascertain how far coincidences or common differences pointed to a common original and to communication with other witnesses. It was also remembered that antiquity was not conclusive as a sign of comparative value; and that a copy, in itself much later, might yet represent, through links which have perished, manuscripts more ancient, and more likely to be authentic, than the oldest of our existing ones. A good deal has been done, though much more remains to do, in the simplification of our materials for ancient texts. Progress has been made in tracing the genealogy of copies, and in putting aside a great mass of valueless and super-

* *Novum Testamentum Græce*. Editio E. H. Hansell, S. T. B. 3 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1864.

Bæza Codex Cantabrigiænsis. Edited by Frederick H. Scrivener, M.A. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1864.

fluous testimony by being able to point out the originals which it repeats without confirming. In the application of this method to the text of the New Testament, though there can be no doubt that we are on the right track, the great mass of the materials to be compared and classified, and the variety and complicated nature of the phenomena to be explained, make any sure advance slow. We rather seem to be on the edge of considerable results than to have achieved them. But, as is sure to happen in all accurate and conscientious investigations, new sources of interest are opened. Among other things, much more exact knowledge is placed within our reach of what Greek Testaments were like in early days. A reader, for instance, of Griesbach's edition, or even of Lachmann's, might have supposed that, except where a various reading was noticed, the famous manuscripts to which appeal was made were written exactly as the text appears on the printed pages. He would hardly have guessed that for the grammatical accuracy of the text he was indebted to the scholarlike "castigation" of editors and printers; nor would he have imagined that the venerable originals, whose variations seemed to be so carefully and minutely noted when they differed from Elzevir or Stephens, were, in point of spelling, grammar, and general care, very much on a par with the orthography and English which we see in the epistolary correspondence of our labouring classes—with the addition of repeated corrections from revisers of equal, or perhaps even inferior, scholarship to the original scribe.

A more intelligent way of regarding and using manuscripts has naturally led, in the case of the New Testament, to the wish to see the texts, as a whole, of some of the more famous ones. A few of them have at different times been published in facsimile, but the facsimiles are scarce and expensive, and, as we are now assured, are not always as accurate as they ought to be. Of late years, however, several of these texts have been published, with more or less of scholarlike accuracy, in a shape which has placed them within the reach of ordinary readers. The idea of printing some of the more important of them in parallel columns, and in a modest and convenient shape, occurred to Dr. Barrow, lately Principal of St. Edmund's Hall—the house of which Mill was once Head—and his plan has been taken up and executed by Mr. Hansell. The manuscripts of which the text is thus exhibited are naturally those which stand at the head of all lists of authorities—the Alexandrian, the Vatican, and the ancient text (C) discovered under a transcript of some works of Ephraem the Syrian, with the addition, for the Gospels and Acts, of the Greek of the Beza manuscript (D); for the Epistles of St. Paul, of the Codex Claromontanus, also marked D; and, for the Acts, of the Laud manuscript (E). In the Apocalypse, where the Vatican manuscript fails, the text of the other Vatican copy, which inherits its symbol B, takes its place next to the Alexandrian manuscript. Mr. Hansell does not profess to give the text systematically, at first hand, from the manuscripts. He reprints from facsimiles and printed editions. But he has done more than merely reprint. He has used whatever checks are furnished by other published collations, where these exist; and he has, in the case of the Alexandrian and Vatican copies, verified a number of readings by a fresh inspection of the original manuscripts. The Vatican manuscript, where collators are so much at variance, and where Mai's extraordinary blundering has produced such confusion, has been in various places re-examined for Mr. Hansell by Dean Alford, Mr. Burgon, and Mr. Cure. A collation of the Sinai manuscript is added at the end. Mr. Hansell has done his work with diligence, though the difficulty of such minute and intricate comparisons is shown in various lists of corrections, lists which are by no means complete. His book is a convenient and useful one; and it is much easier to get a notion of the differences of texts by seeing them at full length, side by side, with their agreements and differences altogether, than by carrying on in one's head a number of notes about various readings.

To enable students to judge of the general character of a MS. text [says Mr. Hansell, or Dr. Barrow, in the Preface], or to appreciate the meaning of a passage according to the readings of a particular codex, it is important that the text should admit of being easily and continuously read, without the attention being distracted in deciphering the continuous uncial writing, or in referring to the *Varie Lectiones*, as usually printed.

This end will be very well served by Mr. Hansell's book. But the work seems open to the criticism that his plan is only partially carried out, or rather that he has fluctuated between different modes of representing the manuscript texts. There are two ways of doing this. We may undertake to reproduce a text as it would have been written if the copyist had known how to spell correctly, and to write Greek with the attention of an ordinarily educated man to the recognised rules of grammar; or we may give an absolutely literal transcript, with all the bad spelling, solecisms, and manifest mistakes, intending to show exactly what amount of care and scholarly attainment was possessed by the writer of the manuscript, or, it may be, what were the customary ways of writing and spelling in his time. If we follow the first plan, we shall produce a text in which the only differences from the ordinary standard will be real differences of expression and thought, while in all other respects, except perhaps in a few necessarily doubtful cases, it will conform to the ordinary rules of Greek writing, and the usual forms of its words. The bad spelling and bad Greek will have been simply corrected and replaced by good, without more ceremony than we use in correcting a faulty exercise. Such a book is the edition of the Vatican text published at Leyden by MM. Kuenen and Cobet. It is a thoroughly scholarlike book; and they speak with equal contempt of Mai's carelessness in pass-

ing by important variations, and of his stupidity in troubling himself to fill his text with the rubbish of bad spelling and bad grammar with which the manuscript abounds. On their own responsibility as Greek scholars—knowing, as scholars ought to know, the standard of language of the time, and the variations which were fairly admissible—they cast aside as of no account the peculiarities of orthography and inflexion which appear as various readings—"sordes istas et quisquilias." "Nos nusquam," they say, "manifeste mendosis scripturis peperimus, sed revocavimus ubique eas formas, quibus, quum illi libri conscriberentur, solis utebantur omnes"; and they protest against the folly of collecting a heap of flagrant and monstrous blunders and dignifying it with the name of an "Apparatus Criticus." They have produced a book which, except in a certain number of variations in sense or phrase, looks like any other printed Greek Testament. This is one way of editing a certain text, and no one can read the able and instructive preface by which it is introduced without feeling that it is a very sensible way. But if any one wants to know what a Greek manuscript such as the Codex Vaticanus is really like, he will not learn it from the text of the Leyden edition. The only way to show this is to print it literally as it stands, without change or correction, and with no more alteration of its form than is involved in reducing its size and printing its continuous uncial lines in small characters and separate words. This is the other way of reproducing a manuscript, and it is a mode which has extremely important uses. For all questions relating to the internal character and affinities of the manuscript—or, again, to the changes of language or its peculiarities when the manuscript was written—no copy of the manuscript is worth much which is not literally exact; for the most important evidence relating to these points may just be those mistakes or peculiarities which in themselves are most trifling or undesigned. It should be as much a facsimile as the methods of printing will allow. In this way, and with this minute and all-observing precision, Mr. Scrivener collated the Sinai manuscript, marking every blundering fashion of spelling and unclerly interchange of letters; and in this way he has printed in full the most singular and unaccountable of all texts—the Greek and Latin manuscript given by Beza to the University of Cambridge. In any investigation of the age, history, and general character of the manuscript, his reprint might almost take the place of the original.

Mr. Hansell has tried to steer a course between these two methods. He has not, like the Leyden editors, simply taken a manuscript as the basis of a text; nor has he undertaken to exhibit the various manuscripts, as far as can be done, exactly as they are written. His Greek is printed in the ordinary way, and his punctuation is modern—an arrangement which is desirable in a book for common use; and, for the most part, the extravagant mis-spelling of the manuscript is corrected into the regular orthography. But with a certain number of words he follows the uncommon or barbarous forms of the manuscript. "Itacisms," he says, "e.g. *cor* for *solus*, &c. are given in the notes, but not in the text"; and so with forms like *συνζητεῖν*, &c. But "such forms as *ἀντιπρὸς*, *ἡλθον*, &c. have been retained in the text, and marked with the symbol of variation." Mr. Hansell has Lachmann's authority for introducing these forms. But whatever may be said for giving them a place in a critical text, they are misleading when brought in by themselves, apart from other peculiarities of orthography, in what purports to represent the text of a single manuscript; for it leads us to suppose that there is some reason for leaving them in the text beyond what there would be for leaving the "itacisms," and all the other gross mistakes of spelling. There may be such a reason, but it ought to have been given. It is manifest that, if the reason for adopting them is that they are found in manuscripts like the Vatican, the true worth of the authority is not estimated unless it is recollected, at the same time, that they occur in a text disfigured generally and throughout by a vulgar and ignorant fashion of spelling. To print them exclusively, while other variations, undoubtedly proofs of a "vitiosa et plebeia loquendi συνήθεια," are passed over, is to give them a disproportionate and untrue prominence among the peculiarities of the manuscript. They appear much less important and noticeable in the actual text, in company with a system of spelling for which a schoolboy would be whipped, than standing out alone in the midst of Mr. Hansell's careful and regular orthography. The inconvenience is that an unwarned reader, seeing these singular forms specially noticed, might carry off the impression that he had an adequate notion of the characteristics of grammar and writing in an old manuscript compared with our printed books; whereas he would have an extremely imperfect one.

Mr. Scrivener's edition of the *Codex Beza* is, of course, a book of higher pretensions, being the result of an original and very complete examination of the manuscript; but his work shows that an old text may be represented with far more thoroughness and completeness than in Mr. Hansell's book, and yet be just as easy to read and to use. It is more uncouth to look at; but the Greek of Codex D is just as plain in Mr. Scrivener as in Mr. Hansell, and you further see at a glance in what sort of way it was written. Mr. Scrivener undertook an important work in editing this unique and remarkable document, and he has performed it, as far as we are able to judge, with great industry and exactness, and great good sense. In a preface which shows the most minute study, and which is full of curious matter, he gives us all that at present can be made out concerning this strange text. The variations of other manuscripts are little compared with those of D. They are variations, it is true, which scarcely ever affect the sense, but in

freedom of substitution and paraphrase they are very singular. Frequently it is just as if, out of the mere wantonness of capricious taste, a word found in the common text was displaced for another of the same general meaning, but which suited better the ear or conception of the copyist. This is more or less the case in the Gospels; but it is in the Acts that this variation reaches its extreme:—

When we turn our view to the Acts of the Apostles, we find ourselves confronted with a text the like to which we have no experience of elsewhere. While the general course of the history and the spirit of the work remain the same as in our commonly-received text, we perpetually encounter long passages in Codex Bezae which resemble that text only as a loose and explanatory paraphrase recalls the original from which it sprang. Save that there is no difference of language in this instance, it is hardly an exaggeration of the facts to assert that Cod. D. reproduces the *textus receptus* of the Acts much in the same way that one of the best of the Chaldean Targums does the Hebrew of the Old Testament: so wide are the variations in the diction, so constant and inveterate the practice of expanding the narrative by means of interpolations which seldom recommend themselves as genuine by even a semblance of internal probability. Bornemann has indeed adopted Cod. Bezae as the standard to which he would make all other authorities bend, and has thus produced a work of which Tischendorf bluntly says that “*sæpe dubites per ludumne an serio scripta legas.*”

The manuscript is also remarkable for its interpolations, which are usually repetitions, more or less changed, in one Gospel of passages found in another, but which in one or two instances are found, in substance, nowhere else. The manuscript is written in Greek and Latin, and it has been confidently held that the account to be given of the curious peculiarities of the Greek is that the Greek has been corrupted from a loose and imperfect Latin translation. Mr. Scrivener proves completely that, at any rate, the Latin translation which now accompanies it must have been made, and servilely made, from the opposite Greek, or a text almost identical with it. He puts the date of the present manuscript at the end of the fifth century; but he gives reasons for thinking that it represents an older manuscript which it copied exactly even in the arrangement of the lines, and which was written in the second, or at latest the third, century. His main ground for this opinion is the singular correspondence, in remarkable and characteristic readings, of this text with the Syriac versions at one extremity of Christendom, and with the Latin translations used, and exhibited in citations, by African, Gallican, and Italian writers—Cyprian and Augustine, Hilary, Lucifer, and Ambrose, and the translator of Irenæus—at the other. This correspondence is exhibited in great detail, and, as Mr. Scrivener says, is far too constant to be the effect of chance. All this, he thinks, points to a text current both in the East and West in the second century—a text which was freer and looser, and less careful about strict literal accuracy, than the one which afterwards came into use. On the question whether it is a more genuine text than that one which we have, he abstains from pronouncing. Indeed, he justly says that the materials for a decision are not yet fitly prepared, even if they are in our hands at all. We will only notice, in conclusion, the curious example of debased Latin presented in the version which accompanies the Greek. The Latin of the translator was not strong enough to resist the influence of the Greek which he was reading. He imitates in Latin the Greek genitive absolute, the double negative, the genitive after a comparative, the construction of neuter plural nouns with a singular verb, and he even tries to express the article. His inflexions of verbs and nouns, his use of prepositions, and his spelling are equally remarkable as examples of the transition through which Latin was passing at the time. Mr. Scrivener thinks that the version was made in the South of France, and, if so, it supplies some remarkable illustrations of the state of the common language in the fifth century.

CRUISES OF THE SUMTER AND ALABAMA.*

THE career of Captain Semmes, in command of the *Sumter* and the *Alabama*, affords a remarkable example of great results attained by the judicious use of slender means. The little vessel which, under the name of *Sumter*, constituted, at the outset of the war, the entire strength of the Confederate navy, was a screw-steamer of 501 tons burthen, which had plied as a packet-ship between Havannah and New Orleans. The armament given to her consisted of one 8-inch gun and four 24-pounders. Her crew, including officers, numbered 106. She evaded the blockading force, and put to sea from New Orleans on June 30, 1861. Three days afterwards she made her first prize. After cruising for some months in the West Indies and on the coast of South America, she put into Martinique for coal. The United States steamer *Iroquois*, of about double the *Sumter's* strength, arrived shortly afterwards in pursuit of her. The captain of the *Iroquois* seems at first to have contemplated attacking her, without regard to the neutrality of the port. But the French gave it to be understood that their batteries would open on whichever party struck the first blow. The United States cruiser, finding that she would not be allowed to treat the *Sumter* as a pirate, and knowing that, if she came to anchor, the twenty-four hours' rule would be applied, remained outside the harbour, trusting to her friends on shore to inform her by signal of the *Sumter's* movements. The escape of Captain Semmes out of the harbour of St. Pierre was an exploit worthy to be ranked with those of the British and

American navies of former days, and it proved that the use of steam had not taken away all scope for the display of skill and daring upon the sea. On the evening of November 23, before the rising of the moon, Captain Semmes determined to attempt the run. The enemy being on the *Sumter's* starboard bow, and apparently standing towards the north point of the roadstead, the *Sumter* was steered under full steam for the south point. Signals were made to the *Iroquois* by means of blue lights from a Yankee schooner in port. Captain Semmes knew that these signals were arranged to indicate his direction; so, after moving a few hundred yards, he doubled, and came back under cover of the land, stopping once or twice to assure himself that the enemy was continuing his course in the opposite direction, in conformity with the signals made to him. As soon as the engineer, who required time to cool his bearings, was ready to proceed, all steam was given to the *Sumter*, and she stood for the north end of the island. As she approached it, fortune, which had before seemed unpropitious, began to smile; for the rain-squall, which had come up quite unexpectedly, enveloped her in its friendly folds, and shut in her dense clouds of black smoke, which were the worst tell-tales she had to dread. The first half-hour's run was very anxious for the *Sumter's* crew; but as they began to lose the lights of the town, and to draw away from the land, they knew that the enemy had been caught in his own trap, and that they had successfully eluded him. The crew were highly delighted, as they had cause to be, at the success of their commander's manoeuvre; “but I am not sure,” says Captain Semmes, “that an old boatswain's mate and a hard weather-beaten quartermaster, who had shaved their heads for a close fight, were not disappointed that it did not come off.”

Shortly after her escape from Martinique, the *Sumter* shaped her course for Europe. She entered, first, Cadiz, where she was repaired, and afterwards Gibraltar. While her captain was trying to obtain coal, he discovered that her boilers were worn out; and as they could not be renewed at Gibraltar, he determined to pay off his crew, and, with his officers, to make his way to some point where he might serve his struggling country more effectually than by continuing to command a ship which was unfit to go to sea. On the 24th of February, 1862, the *Sumter* was surveyed by a board of officers and condemned. During her seven months' cruise she had captured eighteen vessels, of which seven were burned, and two were released on ransom bonds. Having taken her early prizes into a port of Cuba, seven of them were released by the Spanish authorities, and two prizes were recaptured at sea by United States cruisers. Thus her enemies only suffered direct loss in the case of half of the *Sumter's* captures, but the injury through disturbance of trade caused by alarm at her depredations may be estimated at a very large additional sum.

In June, 1862, Captain Semmes was at Nassau, awaiting the new ship which Messrs. Laird were building for him at Birkenhead. This, he says, will be “a fine ship, quite equal to encounter any of the enemy's ships of the class of the *Iroquois*,” &c. The celebrated *Alabama* was admirably adapted for the service of harassing the commerce of the United States, but in her build strength had been rather sacrificed to speed. The story of her escape from Liverpool, and of her meeting at Terceira, in the Azores, with vessels which brought her coals, guns, and warlike stores, is familiar to every reader. She took the sea, fully armed and equipped, towards the end of August, 1862, and cruised for some weeks with encouraging success in the track of vessels plying between North American ports and Great Britain. The speed of the ship under sail during this cruise, and her behaviour in bad weather, excited the admiration of all on board of her. Captain Semmes wished to appear in her off New York, but when about 200 miles distant his stock of coal ran short, and he was obliged to make the best of his way under sail to Martinique, where a vessel bringing a supply of coal from England was to meet him. The *Alabama* anchored at Martinique on the 18th of November, just twelve months after the *Sumter* had escaped from the same harbour. Scarcely had she arrived, when the United States steamer *San Jacinto*, of far superior force, appeared in the offing. A fight would have been hopeless, but evasion proved so entirely successful that the *San Jacinto* remained cruising for several days before the harbour after the *Alabama* had departed and had betaken herself to a small island where she had arranged to meet her tender and ship her coals. Having obtained this necessary supply, the *Alabama* soon showed that she knew how to use it. She intercepted the mail-steamer *Ariel*, bound from New York to Aspinwall, having on board 140 marines on their way to the Pacific, several military and naval officers, and about 500 other passengers. The homeward-bound steamer, which would have on board a large quantity of gold from California, would have been a richer prey, but the *Alabama* did not meet with her. The next point of rendezvous for coaling and refitting was well chosen at the keys, or small islands, called Arcas, where the ship and her tender spent a busy and undisturbed Christmas. This was the sort of place which might have been selected by buccaneers for a refit in the course of a cruise against Spanish commerce. From the remote Arcas the *Alabama* returned into the busy world with some effect; for on January 11, 1863, she appeared off Galveston, enticed the United States' gun-boat *Hatteras* out to sea, engaged and sunk her in about thirteen minutes. This was a smart affair, but the *Alabama* had such superiority of strength that there was nothing to boast of in her victory. The prisoners taken out of the *Hatteras*

* The Cruise of the *Alabama* and the *Sumter*. From the Private Journals and other Papers of Commander R. Semmes, U.S.N., and other Officers. 2 vols. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1864.

were landed at Jamaica, where the famous Confederate cruiser was welcomed heartily. Then followed more cruising, sometimes with the excitement of chase and the joy of capture, and then with the burden of uneventful days, the sickness of hope deferred, and the utter weariness of the barren sea. Captain Semmes writes in his diary that he has reached an age when men long for quiet and repose. During the war, ease must not be thought of, but he trusts that the end is not far off. This was written nearly eighteen months ago, and still the contest rages with unabated fury. The *Alabama's* cruise is ended, but the war continues. But in the worst of weather, and in the depth of dulness and despondency, the *Alabama's* crew could always find some comfort in contemplation of the splendid sea-going qualities of their ship. The enthusiastic historian of the cruise says that she could have brought to the Flying Dutchman himself if he had attempted to pass by without answering a hail. In May the *Alabama* coaled at Bahia, and now her captain determined to change his scene of operations from the Western to the Eastern hemisphere. The ship was steered for the Cape of Good Hope, where she arrived on July 29. She cruised off the South African coast for about two months, making several prizes, and avoiding the *Vanderbilt*, which had come in quest of her. She next ran eastward nearly 3,000 miles over the Indian Ocean, and then, shaping a northerly course, passed through the Straits of Sunda on November 10. In the eastern seas she took a few prizes, but the terror of her name had now made United States' traders scarce on the marine highways. The cruiser *Wyoming*, which pursued her in these waters, met with no better success than other enemies earlier in her career. The historian tells, in connexion with the subject of these unsuccessful chases, the story of a Californian settler who had expressed a great desire to encounter a grisly bear. Having found a trail, he followed it actively for some hours, and then suddenly turned off and came back to camp. Being asked the reason of his conduct, he answered "that the trail was getting too fresh." It is certainly difficult to understand the long-continued ill-success of the United States' cruisers in their attempts to overtake the *Alabama*, but, looking to that vessel's end, it would be extravagant to compare her pursuers to the Californian hunter of the grisly bear. The *Alabama* was at Singapore on the 22nd December, and quitting now the Eastern seas, she started for the Cape of Good Hope again, and thence for Europe. Captain Semmes reasons for taking this course were that the enemy's trade in the East was greatly reduced, that he could not cruise against what was left of it without coal, which could not easily be obtained, and that his ship would soon need repairs, which could only be done in Europe. On the 11th of June, 1864, the *Alabama* entered Cherbourg, having taken, during her entire cruise, sixty-three prizes.

As regards the closing act of the *Alabama's* adventurous career, it may be useful to compare the account given in the book before us with a pamphlet by Mr. Frederick Milnes Edge, who professes to state the result of inquiries made at Cherbourg after the engagement. This pamphlet is much more rational than might be expected from some passages which express an extreme Northern partisanship. Probably Mr. Edge is not far wrong when he says:—

The contest was decided by the superiority of the 11-inch Dahlgren guns of the *Kearsarge* over the Blakely rifle and the vaunted 68-pounder of the *Alabama*, in conjunction with the greater coolness and surer aim of the former's crew.

In smaller guns the two ships were pretty nearly equal. The *Kearsarge* carried four 32-pounders and a 30-pounder rifle, and the *Alabama* six 32-pounders. It has been supposed that a good way of dealing with the Dahlgren guns would be to keep out of their range; but this action was fought at a distance which exactly suited them. If the *Alabama* had possessed superior speed, she might perhaps have used her own guns effectively at a distance at which her opponent's guns would have been nearly powerless. But the *Alabama* did not attempt to preserve such a distance, and if she had made the attempt it would have been unsuccessful. Whether the *Alabama's* gunnery was bad or good, it was certainly ineffectual, not only upon that part of the *Kearsarge's* hull which was protected by her spare chain-cables, but also throughout the ship. It appears probable that too much importance has been ascribed to this extemporized chain-armour, and that the result would not have been different if the *Kearsarge's* spare cables had been left in their usual place in her hold. The gunnery of the *Alabama* was not very good, her shells were very bad, her hull was not very stout, and her guns at middling range were inferior in power to her opponent's. Here are adequate causes of her defeat. But, to ordinary observation, the two ships were so equally matched that Captain Semmes was right in saying that he did not feel at liberty to decline the combat. The bravest man can fight no longer when his ship sinks under him, and even if we give Captain Semmes credit for being the most shifty navigator since Ulysses, it must be owned that there was nothing he could do to keep his ship afloat after she had been hit hard by 11-inch shells. The conduct and courage of Captain Semmes in action were worthy of his cause and of his reputation, but the qualities by which he will be hereafter memorable will rather be the judgment with which he formed, and the boldness and perseverance with which he executed, his plans. With a single ship he long defied all the cruisers of the United States, and almost swept her commercial navy from the seas. Whether that peace for which Captain Semmes sighed during the lonely hours of his cruise comes soon

or late, this at least is certain, that the flag under which the *Alabama* cruised has contributed a memorable episode to the naval history of the world.

WESTWOOD'S CHRONICLE OF THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.*

MR. COLERIDGE loved to describe himself as a man living not in but *beside* time, contemplating but not carried along by the stream of opinions or events. Such another bystander at the world's game was Sir Thomas Browne. A great revolution was enacting before his eyes; and some, though not the most impetuous of its movements, were felt by him in his adopted city, Norwich. Yet neither in his works nor in his familiar letters do we discover any trace of his taking to heart, or being more than momentarily disturbed by, the undulations of the political ground. He seems to have been indifferent to Charles's decapitation, to Cromwell's victories, to anything said or done during the convulsions of twenty years—1640–60—to the triumph of the second Charles's return, to the headings, hangings, the profligacy and the plots of that reign. He dissected, botanized, stocked his museum, prescribed for patients, corresponded with nearly every learned Briton and with many learned foreigners of the time, as calmly as if there had been "silence," not for "the space of half an hour," but for nearly half a century—1637–1682—upon all questions religious, political, practical, or theoretical. By the laws of Solon, the medical and meditative knight would have incurred the penalty of death for such epicurean equanimity.

Another of these calm personages, contemporary with Browne, was Isaac Walton. Rightly and characteristically did he entitle his *Compleat Angler* the *Contemplative Man's Recreation*. The year of its publication (1653) resounded with the trampling of horse and foot, the blare of trumpets, the strife of tongues, with plots, jealousies, hard words, and fears. In that year, half the English nation was looking over the Channel for its rightful monarch; the other half was divided between a Republic and a Protector, the power of Parliament and the power of the sword, beside infinite subdivisions of the main controversy—Levellers, Fifth-Monarchists, Anabaptists—increasing the general confusion, and clamouring with opposite cries like so many distracted builders of Babel. Yet in this very year, and from the very heart of the dominant chaos, came forth the most peaceful of pastorals—a pastoral which has not passed away like so many other Arcadias, but still lives among the books of an Englishman's fireside, is still read by active as well as *contemplative* men, and is still occasionally re-edited and annotated.

Of Sir Thomas Browne's politics we know as little as he knew himself of the tenants of the Walsingham "Urnes." Of Walton's, we may infer that he was a King and Church man, at least if, like other men, he may be known by his company. His house in Fleet Street was open to divines who preached in secret chambers, to laymen who went heavily for the loss of broad acres, or, what they mourned still more, the loss of their King and Martyr. His *Lives* show his predilections. Yet, though he sighed over sceptre and crown, over cathedral stalls turned into stables, for noble men discredited, for learned men banished from their colleges and libraries, his placid and cheerful nature did not fail him. Meadows and streams, the song of birds and milkmaids, May mornings and angling were more to him than Crown or Covenant, and consoled him for dwelling in the tents of Kedar, envied by men of war or men of plots and stratagems. That turbulent time contained like spirits with his own. Five editions of the *Compleat Angler* were published in the author's life-time; and if the wild Esau of the day made more noise, the contemplative Isaac became as well known to London citizens as if he had ridden a-field with Skippon or preached in the pulpit of Hugh Peters. Seldom has such a prize in life's lottery been drawn as that awarded to Isaac Walton. One of the most touching scenes in all Plato's writings—and there are many in them which belong to the heart rather than the head—is that scene in his *Republic* in which the souls, compelled after cycles of years to re-invest themselves with fleshly integuments, draw, before re-passing the river of oblivion, the lots of their renewed earthly life. While the less experienced or the less disheartened of the yet disembodied spirits select the lives of kings, counsellors, or conquerors, the much-tried Ulysses, who had seen many men and many cities, takes for himself the lot of an obscure unoccupied person—*βίον ἀνέπης ἰδιώτου καὶ ἀπράγμονος*. If we adopt Plato's theory, the pre-existent Isaac must have been some overtaxed monarch or minister of State, some prophet calling vainly upon a nation to repent, some Moses or Alfred who had drunk to the dregs the cup of human greatness. His lot was that of a linen-draper, and this, it may be thought, was quiet and obscure enough for a contented spirit. He married, wisely and well, a "woman of remarkable prudence and primitive piety." He was diligent, and accordingly he thrived in business, and he had troops of friends, many of them far higher in station than himself. But, happy as these circumstances are, they are not the sum of Isaac's felicity. He retired from the "drapery-line" in 1643, and lived forty years afterwards in uninterrupted leisure." If he and Ulysses have by this time met in Hades, Isaac may fairly consider himself a match for the wisest of the long-haired and well-booted Achæans.

The *Chronicle of the Compleat Angler* is a record of the popu-

* The *Chronicle of the Compleat Angler* of Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton. Being a Bibliographical Record of its various Phases and Mutations. By Thomas Westwood. 4to. London: Willis and Sotheran. 1864.

larity of Walton's book. Though merely a bibliographical record of its various phases and mutations, Mr. Thomas Westwood has handled his subject so as to render it entertaining as well as instructive. He thus records his first knowledge of the book:—

In the ragged regiment of Charles Lamb's book tattered demalions at Enfield (a regiment I was permitted to manoeuvre at will, though not much taller at the time than its tallest folio)—[Bonaventura Opera, or the Duchess of Newcastle's works probably, according to Elia]—was an early copy of the *Compleat Angler*, I believe (for these were not biblio-maniacal days), Hawkins' edition of 1760. This was my chief treasure, my pearl of price; and, perched on the forked branch of an ancient apple-tree, in the little overgrown orchard, and at an elevation from which I could almost catch a glimpse of the marshy levels of the Lea itself, it was my delight to sally forth with Piscator, on that perennial May morning, to dib with him for logger-headed chub, to listen to his discourse, to learn his songs by heart, to store up his precepts, and to steep my boyish mind in the picturesque darkness of his manifold superstitions.

Though no angler himself, Lamb was a lover of angling books, and I well remember his relating to me, as he paced to and fro, a quaint, scholastic figure, under the apple-tree aforesaid, how he had pounced upon his early copy in some ramshackled repository of marine-stores, and how grievous had been his disappointment in finding that its unlikely-looking owner knew as much of its market value as himself.

There were learned writers on angling "before Agamemnon"; but they are known to angling biographers or book-collectors only, such as Mr. Westwood, and they were hard, dry practitioners of the art. Walton opened its "sacred fountains" to the uninitiated at the same time that he added to the knowledge of the wise. A sport which fishes, worms, and frogs must consider cruel, and needing an Act for its prevention, and which men can hardly pronounce kind, he invested with so much pictorial grace, such healthy cheerfulness, and such peaceful philosophy, that, while reading his book, we no more commiserate its victims than we pity oxen in the slaughter-house. As in flogging, so in angling, opinions differ according to the end of the rod which falls to one's share. That Isaak, the quiet enthusiast, who would not have trodden on a worm needlessly, though for his art's sake he would impale it remorselessly, never dreamt of the pain he gave to vertebrate or invertebrate animals, is shown by his crowning plea for the superiority of angling over all other pursuits. "If I might be judge," he says, "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling"; and honest Isaak believed even as he wrote. He would not have understood the philosophical maxim of Wordsworth—

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels;

or he would have saddled *Venator* or *Auceps* with the application of it, but *Piscator*—never. He quotes Scripture, and not in hard Puritan fashion, but reverently and trustfully, in vindication of angling. He numbers the prophets who allude to fishing. He refers with pride to the fact that four of the twelve Apostles were fishermen, and our Saviour never reproved them for their calling. "He found that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild and sweet and peaceable spirits, as indeed most anglers are."

The first edition of the *Compleat Angler* was as modest in garb as the ex-linendraper himself. It was

A small square duodecimo, clad in a modest over-coat of brown calf. Not a noticeable book amongst others by any means, and yet superior to most of its class in point of adornment by virtue of those plates of fish, which the author thought it just to endorse with his approval, and which are indeed very daintily and delicately handled.

Of this humble volume the price to collectors is twelve guineas and upwards—a sum large enough to bewilder even the quiet brains of Isaak, if priced catalogues be admitted into Elysium. As much astonished would he be to learn that fifty-three editions or reprints of it have, up to the date of Mr. Westwood's "Chronicle," issued from the press, and that it has been translated, though in each case scurvily enough, into French and German. Little dreamed Isaak, while entertaining Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, at his board in Fleet Street, or conferring with Sir Henry Wotton on the life of that subtle and incomprehensible divine, that his name would be bruited abroad as widely as theirs, and that his book would be read by tens of thousands who never saw or opened their folios. His grain of mustard-seed grew up into a stately tree.

Living, however, Walton enjoyed a reputation he never looked for. He died in 1683, and in 1676 a fifth edition, sometimes bearing the title of "The Universal Angler," was published. All material additions and improvements were indeed made by the author twenty-one years earlier. Mr. Westwood observes—

The success of Walton's first essay in angling literature seems to have stimulated him to increased effort in preparing the second edition for the press. He all but re-wrote the work, in fact, adding more than one-third (109 pages) to its original bulk, and introducing many improvements. The interlocutors are three in this edition—*Piscator*, *Venator* (who takes the place of *Vistor*), and *Auceps*. Some very slight variations occur in the Dedication, but several passages were added to the Address to the Reader, wherein Walton says, "that in this second impression there are many enlargements, gathered both by my own observation and the communication of my friends."

Fame and oblivion had a sharp struggle for Walton's name, and oblivion seemed for a time likely to prevail. Seventy-four years passed away without a sixth impression of the *Compleat Angler*; then, in 1750, Moses Browne revived the name, though not as yet the glory, of Isaac Walton.

On the head of Moses, Mr. Westwood—while acknowledging

his "obligation for his revival of a book that had too long fallen into desuetude"—empties the vials of his wrath. He is a prig, a blunderer "bent on endowing the world with a new edition of the *Compleat Angler*, enhanced with some finishing touches of his own." He is so ill acquainted with Walton's history as to make "son Cotton" marry Isaak's daughter, whereas the relationship between staid Isaak and "cheerful, hearty Mr. Cotton," as Elia terms him, was simply imaginary and adoptive. Worse than blundering is the impertinence of Moses in pruning, with an unsparing hand, "the inaccuracies" and "redundancies," as he has the assurance to call them, of Walton, and in suppressing his "absurdities," to suit the feeble and depraved taste of the eighteenth century. Moses indeed showed some signs of grace in a second edition, 1759, but not so many as to escape the muttered *anathema maranatha* of Mr. Westwood.

As some of our readers may know nothing of Moses Browne, and will learn little of him from this "Chronicle" beyond the fact that he edited, and in some sort brought to life again, the *Compleat Angler*, we may offer a little information on the subject. Moses Browne, then, was not only "a pen-cutter" by trade, as Mr. Westwood says, "and a priest," but also a dramatic as well as piscatory poet, and Vicar of Olney. It was in his house that Lady Hesketh lodged when she came to that dreary lace-making town to cheer the spirits of Cowper. John Newton was Browne's curate, and Cecil says of him that "he was an evangelical minister and a good man." Like Eli, he lived to a very advanced age, and though, like him, Moses did not break his neck, yet he was too indulgent to his sons, and was brought by them into difficulties. Lord Dartmouth, his patron, who had given him the vicarage of Olney, obtained for him in addition the chaplaincy of Morden College, Blackheath, where Moses lived in tolerable comfort, and died in fullness of years. His poems, though they have not obtained a place in the General Collections, are, in Southey's opinion, "better entitled to it than some which are found there."

Hawkins's first edition of the *Compleat Angler* appeared in 1760, thus treading immediately on the heels of Browne's second edition of 1759. Between the editors fierce war arose, in which the elder of them was the aggressor. Hawkins restored Walton's text to its original purity, repudiated the impertinences of Moses, and replaced the Piscatory Pastoral in the condition in which the author left it. Mr. Westwood "hardly knows whether the triumph of the *Compleat Angler* on its first advent, in the thick of the great Roundhead and Cavalier struggle, was an incident more paradoxical in its kind than the re-establishment of the pastoral as an English classic in

The tea-cup times of hood and hoop,
And when the patch was worn."

With the nineteenth century, the editions of the *Compleat Angler* increase and multiply. Bagster's, Gosden's, Major's, Rennie's, Pickering's, and others pass in rapid review before Mr. Westwood. As soon, however, as he crosses the threshold of the present century, his "Chronicle" becomes almost entirely bibliographical, and accordingly is fitter for consultation by anglers and book-collectors than for the general unscientific or unscientific reader. He is justly severe on some modern fopperies intended to honour, but really injurious to, Walton; and in his condemnation of Stothard's designs for the "Contemplative Man's Recreation" we heartily agree:—

Stothard [Mr. Westwood says, after commending Inskipp's drawing of fishes] was probably selected for this task less for his eligibility, than from the fact of his being the painter *à-la-mode* of the day. Of his graceful services as a book-illustrator we have a lively remembrance, but the "Compleat Angler" seems to have lain beyond his beat, his genius being of that Watteauish character that luxuriates more in Arcadian revels and the *fêtes champêtres* of conventional life than in the embodiment of the simple English pastoral. He was no angler besides, and the fact betrays itself, as might be expected, in many minute but conclusive points. That his costumes, in these plates, are archaeologically correct, in a general sense, we doubt not, but that they are correct in their application to the angler, we refuse to believe. All frill and frippery, *Piscator* and his associates are attired as if for a stroll, snuff-box and cane in hand, among the scented exquisites of the Mall, rather than for rough encounter with brake and briar by the river-side. Their faces throughout are weak and meaningless, and *Piscator*, in the salutation plate, were it not for the rod he carries, might be mistaken for a beggar, in easy circumstances, imploring an alms.

CORRESPONDENCE OF LUDWIG TIECK.*

SINCE Madlle. Ludmilla Assing scandalized so many circles by the publication of Alexander von Humboldt's letters to her uncle Varnhagen, no correspondence has been given to the world at all approaching in variety of interest to the two volumes of letters to Ludwig Tieck now before us. No serious charge of indiscretion is to be made against their editor, M. Karl von Holtei, who has been known for many years both as an author and an actor, and as one of the very lightest skirmishers of that Romantic school which so long acknowledged Tieck as its chief. Tieck had preserved, bound up in thick quarto volumes, everything which he thought worth preserving out of his immense correspondence; and nothing remained for the editor but to reject what seemed totally uninteresting at the present day, or likely in any way to give offence to living personages. The only sinner in the latter respect, whose

* *Briefe an Ludwig Tieck*. Ausgewählt und herausgegeben von Karl von Holtei. I. & II. Bd. Breslau: 1864.

misdeeds the editor thought it scarcely worth his while to screen from an eager public, is Alexander von Humboldt, "far worse small perfidies on whose part are already before the world," and who accordingly appears once more in his double character of a bitter satirist of the Court whose bread he was undoubtedly eating, and a generous protector of young and struggling fellow-labourers. He is sufficiently sarcastic against princes in general, and those of Hanover in particular; against parsons, as represented by "one T., who looks for the Saviour in my *Kosmos* and can't find him, but notwithstanding communicates to me much tedious information about the potato-disease"; and against the fancies of the Court, which include "M. Tholuck, religious matters, family prayers, and even cruelty against animals." But while scarcely anything has been admitted in the letters of any other correspondent which could wound the susceptibilities of any member of the wide social and literary circle with whom Tieck came in contact, the editor has himself been guilty of a great sin of commission by the absurd system which he has adopted in the arrangement of his voluminous materials. For what could be more inconvenient than to arrange the letters alphabetically according to the names of their writers, instead of according to their dates or subject-matter? It is all very well for M. von Holtei to inform his readers that the correspondence will only be read with advantage by those who have previously made themselves masters of Köpcke's biography of Tieck; but every reader would have preferred the editor's expending his labour in something like a methodical arrangement of the entire mass of letters, instead of in the composition of the often extremely flippant "critical" notices prefixed by him to each separate batch.

Among the various literary notabilities whose letters fill these first two volumes (for there are only one or two from Tieck's own hand), and who range from J. J. Ampère to Moerike—the first volume pausing, with modest emphasis, upon two letters from the editor himself—will be found a great number of the coryphæes, as well as of the humbler followers and outside admirers of the Romantic school. It will be remembered that Tieck lived to witness the gradual decay and extinction of that school, of which he had been at once one of the earliest and one of the most devoted adherents. Born in 1773, it was his lot, during a life of eighty years, not only to live through a great part of the classical period of German literature, but to survive most of the Romantics who were its heirs. His earliest literary efforts were published by Nicolai of Berlin—that walking caricature of Lessing who plied his pigmy weapon of criticism and parody against Herder, Kant, and Goethe alike. Tieck's marriage connects him to a certain degree with Lessing himself, for his wife was the daughter of Dr. Alberti of Hamburg, a leading opponent of the notorious pastor Götz. But Tieck soon freed himself from the influences of the Liberal school, and in Jena lived for some months in the society of the Schlegels, Brentano, and other leading Romantics. It was at this time, about the commencement of the present century, that he first began to write in the spirit of the new school, with nearly all the members of which, both of the older and younger generation, he ever afterwards kept up relations of intimacy. Thus in these volumes letters from Arnim, Clemens Brentano, Bettina, Baudissin, and Malsburg are interspersed with others from Immermann and Hebbel. Of Heine alone—the black sheep among the Romantics, but at the same time undeniably superior to all of them both as a poet and a prose-writer—we find no mention except a priggish remark of Tieck's to the effect that he is ineffably disgusted to find Immermann so highly praised by Heine, and another somewhat affected statement that he had only very recently read the later productions of "this gipsy." One of the principal objections which have frequently been made to the Romantic school, with regard to its effect on German literature, is its barrenness of creative genius; nor can it be denied that with an unprecedentedly extensive apparatus, if we may make use of the expression, comparatively little that was original was produced. Tieck, however, did his utmost to avert such a reproach from the literary fame of himself and his associates; for besides numerous translations and works of a critical character he produced original works in great number, and some of undeniable excellence. His *Oclavianus* and *Genovena* entitle him to a distinguished place among German dramatists, and the former at the same time gives evidence of his powers as a lyrical poet. His *Phantasia*, a purer and more ambitious Decameron, also deserved its long popularity, though the framework may be objected to as somewhat stiff. At the same time, the constant attempts made by his admirers to place him by the side, or even over the head of Goethe, of which there is abundant evidence in these letters, can now raise nothing but a smile at the vanity which allowed Tieck to listen to them. The days of the Romantics have now passed away; and none remain but a few very feeble twitterers to pipe of the greenwood and the merry days of old, of which they used to sing so persistently in every kind of key. But it may be said of the whole school, that if it failed, its failure was, at all events, a noble one. Goethe and Schiller, it is true, at first looked coldly on these writers as *dilettanti*; but when the former himself undertook what he called his Hegira from the political troubles of the present to the patriarchal atmosphere of the past, and in his West-Eastern Divan began to praise the Orientals for "the breadth of their faith and the narrowness of their thought," he enrolled himself for a time

among a school whose principle it was to appropriate and assimilate everything far and near, in heaven and in earth, to their poetic subjectivities. With the decidedly Christian tendency of the Romantics, however, neither Goethe nor Schiller—the one with his real, the other with his half-and-half Hellenistic culture—could be expected to sympathize. In one of the four letters from Goethe to Tieck in this collection, he observes:—

It is certainly strange that, of the *disjecta membra* of our anarchical literary and artistic circles, so many gather round the standard of the saints, which, it must be confessed, after the manner of sects, takes under its protection the poor in understanding and talent.

But he is here referring to a section of the school to whose tendency Tieck generally remained a stranger, and against which he had on this occasion even stood forth as an opponent. Nor did Tieck ever share in the ultimate development of the Christian tendency of the school which logically drove Frederick Schlegel and others into Roman Catholicism. It is, however, precisely to this extreme development that, in other fields than that of literature, Romanticism has owed its most lasting influence. The revival of German art was contemporaneous with a return to the political and ecclesiastical traditions of earlier times, and Cornelius, Hess, and others may be fairly said to have derived their inspiration from this source. Among Tieck's correspondents will be found Sulpice Boisseree, a name, we believe, very little known in England as yet. To him, however, is owing the greatest architectural work of the present century—the resumption of the building of Cologne Cathedral according to the original plan, of which he recalled the principles and details. Sulpice Boisseree has not lived to see the interior of that glorious temple at last (in the autumn of last year) cleared of all obstructions, including the screen which divided choir from nave, and thrown open in all its magnificent expanse. Tieck appears to have taken a deep interest in every kind of art (his brother's name occupies an honoured place among modern German sculptors); but he was himself only a *dilettante* in this respect, as his severer critics assert that he showed himself in everything that related to verbal and linguistic criticism in his studies of the old German and English writers.

About the end of the first quarter of the century, Tieck entered upon the duties of dramatist and second director of the Court Theatre at Dresden, for which nobody could have been as well qualified as himself. German actors seemed to have looked upon him in the light of an incarnated Academy, if we may judge by the letter of the distinguished Edward Devrient, craving Tieck's decision *ex cathedra* on the pronunciation of the letter *g* on the stage. But, both in his capacity of a theatrical director and of a literary star, he had to submit to the infliction of far more onerous requests. Pretty actresses and starving poets alternate applications for his kind offices. Among these begging letters the editor has cruelly inserted one from Bothe, the well-known editor of Aristophanes, which is sufficiently unblushing to make the reader blush in his behalf. There was surely no necessity for inserting it. On the other hand, another begging letter is from the hand of the unfortunate and unmanageable poet Grabbe, whose career altogether affords a typical instance of the life of an unsuccessful and unreasonable literary man in Germany. The following is an extract from his application for employment on the stage, which he particularly entreats may be answered "by return of post":—

With respect to any talents I may possess for the stage, I hesitate about saying anything further, in order to avoid falling into the appearance of self-conceit. I merely state quite simply, that I can modulate my voice without any exertion from the highest girl's soprano down to the deepest bass; and that the strongest blame which in society was ever attached to my acting referred to my representing the characters almost too sharply and originally, and terrifying the spectator too much in tragic parts. Furthermore, it sounds silly, but I must say it, that at this moment I am aware of no character which I would not dare to perform within a fortnight; at all events I have no doubt that, if I could act, e.g., Hamlet or Lear well, I should make no inferior display in Falstaff or Dupperich; it even would almost seem as if only this universality were capable of keeping my mind perpetually fresh. As I am a native of Westphalia, where the High German is pronounced all the more purely to distinguish it from the Platt, and as, in addition, I have attended to my elocution for three years in Leipzig and Berlin, I suppose I need entertain no fears about my dialect.

In 1841, Tieck, at the invitation of the most romantic of all the Romantics, King Frederic William IV. of Prussia, removed to Berlin, where he lived in easy circumstances till his death in 1853. Here he continued his readings of Shakspeare and other dramatists which had become so popular in Dresden; and Court circles in Berlin still remember with horror the incident of the King's accidentally dropping his book during one of these readings, and the exasperated poet, who demanded the intetest silence from all his hearers, exclaiming in no courtly tone: "Good God, what was that?" Tieck continued to keep up an animated intercourse with the younger literary world as well as with that which was now passing away; and we find letters from such notabilities of the present day as Heinrich Laube, the accomplished director of the Vienna Burg-Theatre, Otto Ludwig, a late offshoot of the Romantic school, and Gustav Freytag, whose muse has since shown rather a political than a romantic *penchant*. Tieck's own later publications were chiefly novels, some of which, such as the *Rebellion in the Cevennes*, grew to be almost as popular as the old tales of his *Phantasia*. But they announced at the same time the decay of Romanticism proper, which had now affected even its most venerable champion. His last work was an epilogue in honour of the centenary jubilee of Goethe's birth; and it must have deeply gratified the aged poet to honour the memory of the great master who

had written to him, just a quarter of a century before, in the following terms:—

Let us well consider on this occasion how valuable it is to have walked for many years by one another's side, though in different directions. If the earlier aims were honest and earnest, they naturally converge in later days, especially when we are obliged to see that subsequent tendencies are only born to lose themselves in such divergencies as leave no hope of ever meeting with that which we hold to be the Genuine and the True.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

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RAY SOCIETY.—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the RAY SOCIETY will be held at Bath, on Friday, September 16, at 3 p.m. J. GWYN JEFFREYS, Esq., F.R.S., in the Chair. H. T. STAINTON, Secretary.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.—The NEXT ANNUAL MEETING of the Association will be held, under the Presidency of Sir C. LYELL, F.R.S., at BATH, commencing on Wednesday, September 14. Notices of Papers proposed to be read at the Meeting should be sent to the Local Secretaries at Bath (C. MOORE, Esq., C. E. DAVIS, Esq., Rev. H. H. WILKINSON, or to the Assistant General Secretary, G. GRIFFITHS, Esq., Bath). Members and others who wish to obtain information about the Local arrangements are requested to communicate with the Local Secretaries at Bath.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL, MEDICAL SCHOOL.—SESSION, 1864 and 1865.—A GENERAL INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delivered by Dr. CLAPTON, the Dean, on Saturday, October 1, at Three o'clock p.m., after which the DISTRIBUTION of PRIZES will take place. To Enter, or to obtain Prospectuses, the Conditions of all the Prizes, and further information, apply to Mr. WHITEFIELD, Medical Secretary, the Manor House, St. Thomas's Hospital, Newington, Surrey, S.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.—(A) Two open Scholarships of the value of £50 a year each, tenable for Four Years, will be examined for on Wednesday and Thursday, 15th and 16th of October next (and annually), open to all comers, without restriction, being under Fourteen years of age. (B) Two Foundation Scholarships, limited to sons of deceased Officers under Thirteen years of age, will be examined for in February 1865, and Two in June 1865. (C) Additional (Wesley) Scholarships and Exhibitions are open only to Members of the School. For information as to the Examination apply to the Head Master, Rev. E. W. BENSOW, Wellington College, near Wokingham; or to the Secretary, GEORGE CHANCE, Esq., Treasury, Whitehall, S.W., to whom Names of Candidates are to be sent in before the Examination. N.B.—Candidates for the Foundation Scholarships must have their Names entered on the Secretary's List at least a Fortnight previously.

ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES. Director—Sir RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, K.C.B., F.R.S., &c. During the Session, 1864-5, which will commence on October 3, the following COURSES of LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given: 1. Chemistry.—By A. W. HOFMANN, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. 2. Metallurgy.—By John Percy, M.A., F.R.S. 3. Natural History.—By T. H. HUXLEY, F.R.S. 4. Mineralogy.—By Warrington W. Smyth, M.A., F.R.S. 5. Mining. 6. Geology.—By A. C. RAMSEY, F.R.S. 7. Applied Mechanics.—By Robert Willis, M.A., F.R.S. 8. Physics.—By John Frydall, F.R.S. Instruction in Mechanical Drawing, by Rev. J. Haythorne Edgar, M.A. The Fee for Students desirous of becoming Associates is £30 in one sum, on entrance, or two annual payments of £15, exclusive of the Laboratory. Pupils are received in the Royal College of Chemistry (the Laboratory of the School), under the direction of Dr. Hofmann, and in the Metallurgical Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Percy. Tickets to separate Course of Lectures are issued at 4s and 4s each. Officers in the Queen's Service, Her Majesty's Consuls, acting Mining Agents and Managers, may obtain Tickets at reduced prices. Certificated Schoolmasters, Pupils-teachers, and others engaged in Education, are also admitted to the Lectures at reduced fees. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has granted Two Scholarships, and several others have also been established. For a Prospectus and information, apply at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn Street, London, S.W. TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

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EVERY one has marked the unpleasant, dirty appearance of a GLASS-EYE, which can always be detected by the disagreeable Expression on the Physiognomy. But it is now known that M. BOISSONNEAU, Oculist to the French Army and Hospitals, of 11 Rue de Moncan, Paris, has invented a little *Chef d'Œuvre* in ENAMEL, which combines the attributes of Lightness, Solidity, and Comfort with the expressive motion of Visual Organs. The injured Eye requires no previous operation. The new invention can be inserted without disturbing the patient; Children even bear it without a murmur.

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